

P O E M S

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MR. JERNINGHAM.

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BY

MR. JERNINGHAM.

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EIGHTH EDITION.

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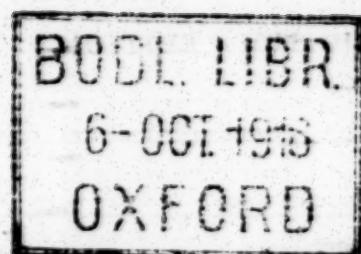
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С Т И З Т И О



## C O N T E N T S.

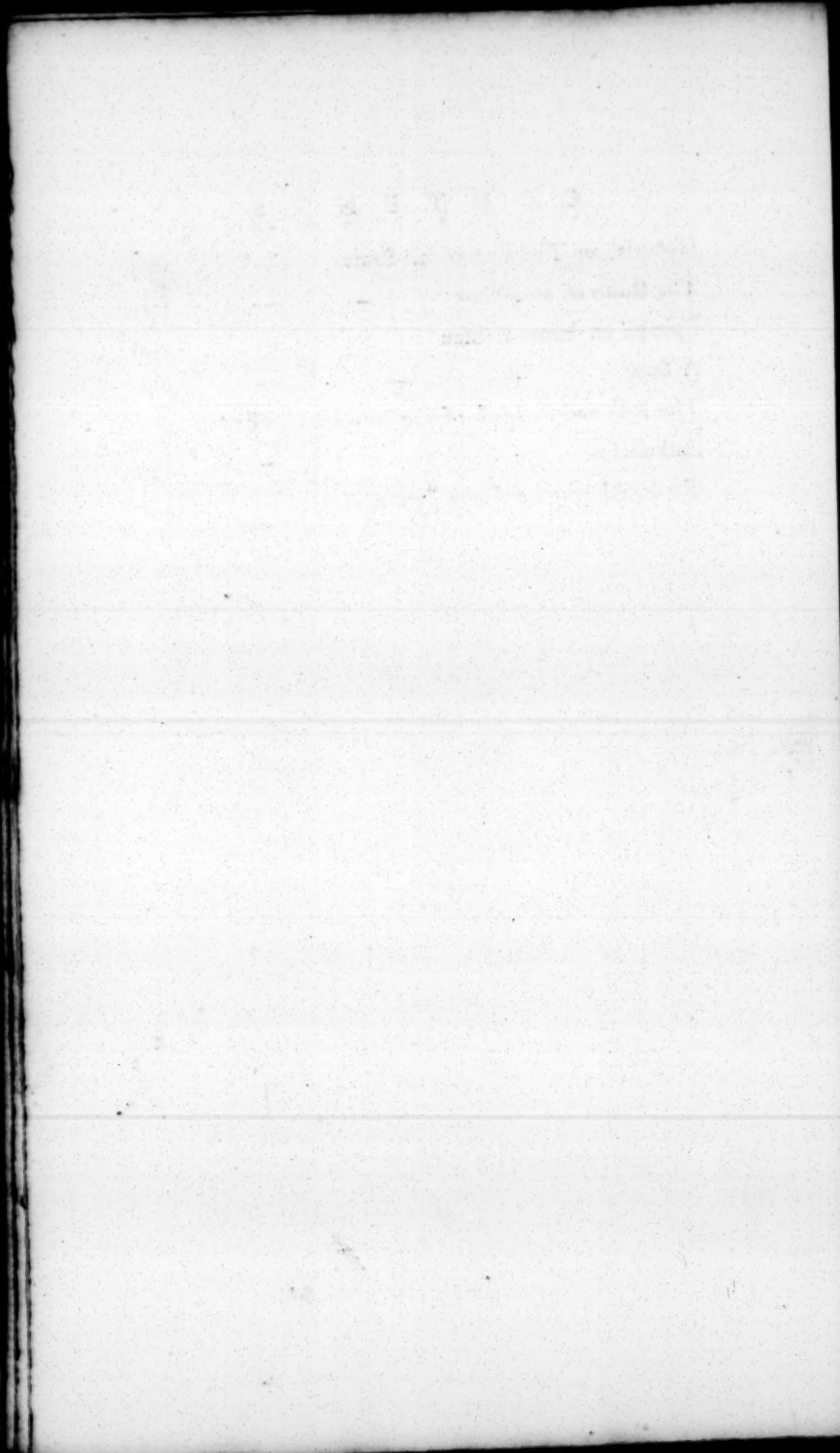
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T H E  
M A G D E L E N S.

SEE to yon fane the suppliant nymphs repair,  
At virtue's shrine to pour contrition's sigh :  
Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,  
And sorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

Hark ! they awake a solemn plaintive lay,  
Where grief with harmony delights to meet :  
Nor PHILOMELA, from her lonely spray,  
Thrills her clear note more querulously sweet.

Are these the fair who wont, with conscious grace,  
Proud RANELAGH's resplendent round to tread ?  
Shine in the studied luxury of dress ?  
And vie in beauty with the high-born maid ?

B

The

The smiling scenes of pleasure they forsake,  
 Obey no more amusement's idle call.  
 Nor mingling with the sons of mirth partake,  
 The treat voluptuous, or the festive ball.

For sober weeds they change their bright attire,  
 Of the pearl bracelet strip the graceful arm ;  
 Veil the white breast, that lately nurs'd desire,  
 And thrill'd with tender exquisite alarm .

Unbraid the cunning tresses of the hair,  
 And each well-fancied ornament remove ;  
 The glowing gem, the glitt'ring solitaire——  
 The costly spoils of prostituted love !

Yet beauty lingers on their mournful brow,  
 As loth to leave the cheek bedew'd with tears ;  
 Which scarcely blushing with a languid glow,  
 Like morn's faint beam thro' gath'ring mist appears.

No more compare them to the gaudy flow'r,  
 Whose painted foliage wantons in the gale :  
 They look the lily drooping from the show'r,  
 Or the pale vi'let sick'ning in the vale.

Let

Let not the prude with acrimonious taunt,  
 Upbraid the humble tenants of this dome ;  
 That pleasure's rosy bow'r they us'd to haunt,  
 And in the walk of loose-rob'd dalliance roam.

If fond of empire and of conquest vain,  
 They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew,  
 Yet blaz'd those altars to the fair ones' bane,  
 The idol they, and they the victim too !

Once destitute of counsel, aid, or food,  
 Some helpless orphans in this dome reside !  
 Who (like the wand'ring children in the wood)  
 'Trod the rude paths of life without a guide.

Some who were encircled by the great and rich,  
 Were won by wiles, and deep designing art,  
 By splendid bribes, and soft persuasive speech,  
 Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

Some on whom beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,  
 While adverse stars all other gifts remov'd ;  
 Who hurried from the dungeon's living tomb !  
 'To scenes their inborn virtue disapprov'd.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early stain,  
 Now guilded by the rays of new-born fame,  
 A second innocence they here obtain,  
 While cloister'd penance heals their wounded name.

So the young myrtles in misfortune's day  
 Nipt by the blast that swept their vernal bed,  
 In shelt'ring walls their tender leaves display,  
 And wak'ning into life new fragrance shed !

Tho' white-wing'd peace protect this calm abode,  
 Tho' each tumultuous passion be suppress'd,  
 Still recollection wears a sting to goad,  
 Still conscience wakes to rob their soul of rest.

See one the tort'ring hour of mem'ry prove,  
 Who wrapt in pensive secrecy forlorn,  
 Sits musing on the pledges of her love,  
 Expos'd to chilly want, and grinning scorn ;

Forgot, deserted in th' extremest need,  
 By him who ought to shiled their tender age :  
 ' Was this, seducer, this the promis'd meed ?'  
 She cries—then sinks beneath affliction's rage.

Another

Another mourns her fall with grief sincere,  
 Whom tranquil reason tells she's shun'd, disdain'd,  
 Repuls'd as vile by those who held her dear,  
 Who call'd her once companion, sister, friend.

That recollects the day when lost to shame,  
 She fondly sacrific'd her vestal charms ;  
 Resign'd the virgin's for an harlot's name,  
 And left a parent's for a spoiler's arms.

Imagination pictures to her mind  
 The father's rage, the mother's softer woe ;  
 Unhappy pair ! to that distress consign'd,  
 A child can give, a parent only know.

At this deep scene, by fancy drawn, impress'd,  
 The filial passions in her heart revive :  
 Reproach vindictive rushes on her breast,  
 To nature's pangs too feelingly alive !

If this, or similar tormenting thought,  
 Cling to their soul, when pensively alone.  
 For youth's offence, for love's alluring fault,  
 Say, do they not sufficiently atone ?

Oh

Oh mock not then their penitential woes,  
 Thou may'st deign to mark this humble theme,  
 Nor seek with foul derision to expose,  
 And give to infamy their tainted name.

Nor deem me one of melancholy's train,  
 If anxious for the sorrow-wedded fair ;  
 (Tho' little skilful of poetic strain,  
 Whose pleasing music takes the tuneful ear.)

I steal impatient from the idle throng,  
 The roving gay companions of my age, \*  
 To temper with their praise my artless song,  
 And soft-ey'd pity in their cause engage.

"Tis virtue's task to soothe affliction's smart,  
 To join in sadness with the fair distrest :  
 Wake to another's pain the tender heart,  
 And move to clemency the gen'rous breast.

\* This poem was first published in 1763.

Y A R I C O

T O

I N K L E.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Inkle is preparing to set out for England, after having sold Yarico to a merchant at Barbadoes, ' notwithstanding that the poor girl, (says the ' Spectator) to incline him to commiserate her ' condition, told him that she was with child by ' him: But he only made use of that information to ' rise in his demands upon the purchaser.'

## YARICO TO INKLE.

WITH falsehood lurking in thy sordid breast,  
And perj'ry's seal upon thy heart imprest,  
Dar'st thou, Oh Christian! brave the sounding waves,  
The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?  
Regardless of my woes, securely go,  
No curse-fraught accents from these lips shall flow ;  
My fondest wish shall catch thy flying sail,  
Attend thy course, and urge the fav'ring gale :  
May ev'ry bliss thy God confers be thine,  
And all thy share of woe compris'd in mine.

One humble boon is all I now implore,  
Allow these feet to print their kindred shore :  
Give me, Oh Albion's son ! again to roam,  
For thee deserted my delightful home :

To

To view the groves that deck my native scene,  
 The limpid stream, that graceful glides between :  
 Retrieve the fame I spurn'd at Love's decree,  
 Ascend the throne which I forsook for thee :  
 Approach the bow'r—(why starts the unbidden tear ?)  
 Where once thy Y A R I C O to thee was dear.

The scenes the hand of time has thrown behind,  
 Return impetuous to my busy mind :

- ‘ What hostile vessel quits the roaring tide
- ‘ To harbour here its tempest-beaten side ?
- ‘ Behold the beach receives the ship-wreck'd crew .
- ‘ Oh mark their strange attire and pallid hue !
- ‘ Are these the Christians, restless sons of pride,
- ‘ By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied ?
- ‘ Who tread with cunning step the maze of art,
- ‘ And mask with placid looks a canker'd heart ?
- ‘ Yet note, superior to the num'rous throng,
- ‘ (Even as the citron humbler plants among)
- ‘ That youth !—Lo ! beauty on his graceful brow,
- ‘ With nameless charms bids ev'ry feature glow :
- ‘ Ah ! leave, fair stranger, this unsocial ground,
- ‘ Where danger broods, and fury stalks around .
- ‘ Behold thy foes advance—my steps pursue
- ‘ To where I'll screen thee from their fatal view :

‘ He

' He comes, he comes ! th' ambrosial feast prepare,  
 ' The fig, the palm-juice, nor th' anâna spare :  
 ' In spacious canisters nor fail to bring  
 ' The scented foliage of the blushing spring :  
 ' Ye graceful handmaids, dres the roseat bow'r,  
 ' And hail with music this auspicious hour—  
 ' Ah no ! forbear—be ev'ry lyre unstrung,  
 ' More pleasing music warbles from his tongue ;  
 ' Yet utter not to me the lover's vow,  
 ' All, all is thine that friendship can bestow :  
 ' Our laws, my station, check the guilty flame—  
 ' Why was I born, ye powers, a Nubian dame ?  
 ' Yet see around, at love's enchanting call,  
 ' Stern laws submit, and vain distinctions fall :  
 ' And mortals then enjoy life's transient day,  
 ' When smit with passion they indulge the sway :  
 ' Yes ! crown'd with bliss, we'll roam the conscious grove,  
 ' And drink long draughts of unexhausted love :  
 ' Nor joys alone, thy dangers too I'll share,  
 ' With thee the menace of the waves I'll dare :  
 ' In vain—for smiles his brow deep frowns involve,  
 ' The sacred ties of gratitude dissolve,  
 ' See Faith distracted rends her comely hair,  
 ' His fading vows while tainted zephyrs bear !'

Oh

Oh thou, before whose seraph-guarded throne  
 The Christians bow, and other Gods disown,  
 If, wrapt in darkness, thou deny'st thy ray,  
 And shroud'st from NUBIA thy celestial day !  
 Indulge this fervent pray'r, to thee address'd,  
 Indulge, tho' uttered from a fable breast :  
 May gath'ring storms eclipse the cheerful skies,  
 And mad'ning furies from thy hell arise :  
 With glaring torches meet his impious brow,  
 And drag him howling to the gulf below !  
 Ah no ! May heav'n's bright messengers descend,  
 Obey his call, his ev'ry wish attend !  
 Still o'er his form their hov'ring wings display !  
 If he be blest, these pangs admit allay :  
 Me still her mark let angry Fortune deem,  
 So thou may'st walk beneath her cloudless beam.  
 Yet oft to my rapt ear didst thou repeat,  
 That I suffic'd to frame thy bliss compleat.  
 Deluded sex ! the dupes of man decreed,  
 We, splendid victims, at his altar bleed.  
 The grateful accents of thy praiseful tongue,  
 Where artful flatt'ry too persuasive hung,  
 Like flow'r's adorn'd the path to my disgrace,  
 And bade destruction wear a smiling face.  
 Yet form'd by nature in her choicest mould,  
 While on thy cheek her blushing charms unfold,

Who

Who could oppose to thee stern Virtue's shield ?  
 What tender virgin would not wish to yield ?  
 But pleasure on the wings of time was born,  
 And I expos'd a prey to tyrant scorn.  
 Of low-born traders—mark the hand of fate !  
 Is YARICO reduc'd to grace the state,  
 Whose impious parents, an advent'rous band,  
 Imbrued with guiltless blood my native land :  
 Ev'n snatched my father from his regal seat,  
 And stretch'd him breathless at their hostile feet !  
 Ill-fated prince ! The Christians sought thy shore,  
 Unsheathe'd the sword, and mercy was no more.

But thou, fair stranger, cam'st with gentler mind  
 To shun the perils of the wrecking wind.  
 Amidst thy foes thy safety still I plan'd,  
 And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band :  
 Nor then unconscious of the secret fire,  
 Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm desire :  
 Ah pleasing youth, kind object of my care,  
 Companion, friend, and ev'ry name that's dear !  
 Say, from thy mind can't thou so soon remove  
 The records graven by the hand of Love ?  
 How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,  
 The loose-rob'd pleasures danc'd unblam'd around :

Till

Till to the sight the growing burden prov'd  
 How thou o'er cam'st—and how, alas ! I lov'd !  
 Too fatal proof ! since thou with a'rice fraught,  
 Didst basely urge (ah ! shun the wounding thought !)  
 That tender circumstance—reveal it not,  
 Left torn with rage I curse my fated lot :  
 Let startled Reason abdicate her reign,  
 And madness revel in this heated brain :  
 That tender circumstance—inhuman part—  
 I will not weep, tho' serpents gnaw this heart .  
 Frail, frail resolve ! while gushing from mine eye  
 The pearly drops these boastful words belie.  
 Alas ! can sorrow in this bosom sleep,  
 Where strikes ingratitude her talons deep ?  
 When he whom still I love, to nature dead,  
 For roses plants with thorns the nuptial bed ?  
 What time his guardian pow'r I most requir'd,  
 Against my fame and happiness conspir'd !  
 And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale ?)  
 His faithful Y A R I C O expos'd to sale !  
 Yes, basely urg'd (regardles of my pray'rs,  
 Ev'n while I bath'd his venal hand with tears.)  
 The tend'rest circumstance—I can no more—  
 My future child—to swell his impious store :  
 All, all mankind for this will rise thy foe,  
 But I, alas ! alone endure the woe :

Endure

Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,  
 The heart-lodged stings and agony of soul.—  
 Was it for this I left my native plain,  
 And dar'd the tempest brooding on the main ?  
 For this unlock'd (seduc'd by Christian art)  
 The chaste affections of my virgin heart ?  
 Within this bosom fan'd the constant flame,  
 And fondly languish'd for a mother's name ?  
 Lo ! every hope is poison'd in its bloom,  
 And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illustrious circling thro' these veins,  
 Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebeian stains,  
 Thro' ancestry's long line ennobled springs,  
 From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,  
 Must I the shafts of infamy sustain ?  
 To slav'ry's purposes my infant train ?  
 To catch the glances of his haughty lord ?  
 Attend obedient at the festive board ?  
 From hands unscepter'd take the scornful blow ?  
 Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow ?  
 Let this pervade at length thy heart of steel ;  
 Yet, yet return, nor blush, Oh man ! to feel :  
 Ah ! guide thy steps from yon expecting fleet,  
 Thine injur'd Y A R I C O relenting meet :

Bid her recline, woe-stricken, on thy breast,  
And hush her raging sorrows into rest.

If pity can't allure thy steps from vice,  
Then from impending perils ask advice : —

• Twas night — my solitary couch I pres'd,  
Till sorrow-worn I wearied into rest :

Methought — nor was it childish fancy's flight :  
My country's Genius stood confess'd to fight :

• Let Europe's sons (he said) enrich their shore,

• With stones of lustre, and barbâric ore :

• Adorn their country with their splendid stealth,

• Unnative foppery and gorgeous wealth ;

• Embellish still her form with foreign spoils,

• Till like a gaudy prostitute she smiles :

• The day, th' avenging day at length shall rise,

• And tears shall trickle from that harlot's eyes :

• Her own Gods shall prepare the fatal doom

• Lodg'd in Time's pregnant and destructive womb :

• The mischief-bearing womb; these hands shall rend,

• And straight shall issue forth confusion's fiend :

• Then shall my children urge the destin'd way,

• Invade the christian coast, and dare the day :

• Sue, as they rush upon them as a flood,

• Dishonour for dishonour, blood for blood.'

Say,

Say, ALBION youth, flow all my words in vain,  
 Like seeds that strew the rude ungrateful plain ?  
 Say, shall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace ?  
 Ne'er stretch these arms to catch the wish'd embrace ?  
 Enough—with new-awak'd resentment fraught  
 Afflict me ! Heav'n ! to tear him from my thought :  
 No longer vainly suppliant will I bow,  
 And give to love, what I to hatred owe ;  
 Forgetful of the race from whence I came,  
 With woe acquainted, but unknown to shame.  
 Hence, vile Dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r,  
 Thy bended knee, and still descending tear :  
 Rejoin, rejoin the pale complexioned train—  
 The conflict's past—and I'm myself again.

Thou parent Sun ! if e'er with pious lay,  
 I usher'd in thy world-reviving ray !  
 Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the west,  
 With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy rest !  
 Beheld, with wond'ring eye, thy radiant seat,  
 Or sought thy sacred dome with unclad feet !  
 If near to thy bright altars as I drew,  
 My votive lamb, thy holy Flamen, flew !

C

Forgive !

Forgive ! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,  
 Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame :  
 Ev'n on a Christian lavish'd my esteem,  
 And scorn'd the sable children of thy beam,  
 This poniard, by my daring hand imprest,  
 Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breast :  
 Nor I alone, by this immortal deed  
 From slav'ry's laws my infant shall be freed,  
 And thou, whose ear is deaf to pity's call,  
 Behold at length thy destin'd victim fall ;  
 Behold thy once lov'd NUBIAN stain'd with gore,  
 Unwept, extended on the crimson floor :  
 These temples clouded with the shades of death,  
 These lips unconscious of the ling'ring breath :  
 These eyes unprais'd (ere clos'd by fate's decree)  
 To catch expiring one faint glimpse of thee.  
 Ah ! then thy YARICO forbear to dread,  
 My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,  
 Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,  
 Or, more offensive still, implore thy love.

T H E  
N U N.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,  
All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek :  
Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,  
Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek ?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake  
The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs ?  
Thro' nature's kind endearing ties to break,  
And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours ?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,  
That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate :  
Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)  
Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,  
 Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,  
 Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—  
 Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base,  
 (While tears of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,  
 And smiling heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)  
 Pronounce the vow thou never can't repeal.

But if misled by false-entitled friends,  
 Who say,—‘ that Peace with all her comely train,  
 ‘ From starry regions to this clime descends,  
 ‘ Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain :

‘ That vestals tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,  
 ‘ Approv'd of innocence, by Health careft :  
 ‘ That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,  
 ‘ Celestial Hope sits smiling at their breast.’

Suspect their syren-song and artful style,  
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought conceal ;  
 Full oft does pride with sainted voice beguile,  
 And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant

A tyrant Abbess here perchance may reign,  
 Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod ;  
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,  
 And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,  
 Back-glancing Mem'ry acts her busy part ;  
 Its charm the world unfolds to Fancy's eye,  
 And sheds allurement on the youthful heart.

Lo ! Discord enters at the sacred porch,  
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest .  
 Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,  
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss,  
 By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd ;  
 Unbought experience learn from my distress,  
 Oh ! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,  
 When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend ;  
 A trembling victim to the temple led,  
 And (blush, ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice !  
 The pealing organ's animating sound ;  
 The choral virgins' captivating voice,  
 The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youth array'd in purest white,  
 Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along :  
 The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,  
 The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,  
 Whose fragrant breath ARABIAN odor shed ;  
 Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,  
 With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,  
 While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein ;  
 Methought applauding angels sung my name,  
 And heav'n's unfullied glories gilt the fane.

Methought in sun-beams rob'd the heav'nly spouse  
 Indulg'd the longings of my holy love :  
 Not undelighted heard my virgin vows—  
 While o'er the altar wav'd the mystic dove.

This

This temporary transport soon expir'd,  
 My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :  
 E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,  
 I tread this dome, to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my fullen breast,  
 Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles ;  
 No saint descends to soothe my soul to rest !  
 No dream of bliss the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Discontent still haunts my view,  
 The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place ;  
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,  
 Chills ev'ry pray'r, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,  
 The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood :  
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,  
 The chiding gale, and hoarse-resounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,  
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)  
 When having seal'd the irrevocable vow,  
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full-

Full-well she then presag'd my wretched fate,  
 Th' unhappy moments of each future day :  
 When lock'd within this unrelenting grate,  
 My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold,  
 This cloister'd scene in all its horror dreft ;  
 Nor did she then my trembling steps with-hold,  
 When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah ! could she view her only child betray'd,  
 And let submission o'er her love prevail ?  
 Th' unfeeling priest why did she not upbraid,  
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil ?

Alas ! she might not—her relentless lord  
 Had seal'd her lips, and chid her streaming tear ;  
 So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,  
 And all the mother sunk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,  
 What act impell'd thee to this ruthless deed ?  
 What crime had forfeited my filial claim ?  
 And giv'n (Oh ! blasting thought) thy heart to bleed ?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,  
 Oh ! haste and bear her from this lonesome gloom .  
 In vain——no words can soothe his rigid ear ;  
 And **GALLIA**'s laws have riveted my doom.

Yet let me to my fate submissive bow,  
 From fatal symptoms if I right conceive ;  
 This stream, **OPHELIA**, has not long to flow,  
 This voice to murmur and this breast to heave.

Ah ! when extended on th' untimely bier,  
 To yonder vault this form shall be convey'd ;  
 Thou'l not refuse to shed one grateful tear,  
 And breathe the requiem to my fleeting shade.

With pious footsteps join the sable train,  
 As thro' the lengthening isle they take their way :  
 A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,  
 Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay.

Behold the minister who lately gave  
 The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue .  
 (More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,  
 And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As

As o'er the corse he strews the humbling dust,  
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh ;  
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,  
The tears may trickle from a FATHER's eye.

T H E

T H E

## D E S E R T E R.

BY others blest with genius' rays  
Let noble acts be told,  
While I, content with humbler praise,  
A simple tale unfold :

The SPANIARD left the hostile plain,  
To seek his native land,  
Beneath the sails that swept the main,  
CABEYSA join'd the band :

Who, as he met his country's foes,  
Within the field of Fame,  
Above his rank obscure arose  
And grac'd his humble name :

Yet

Yet not the early wreath of Fame,  
 With haughtiness was twin'd.  
 Nor pride nor fickleness could claim  
 The empire of his mind :

The lowly hut, beneath whose roof  
 He sigh'd a sad adieu,  
 Receiv'd him (time and distance-proof)  
 To love and LAURA true :

This hamlet-fair, by Fortune scorn'd,  
 Seem'd Nature's fav'rite child,  
 With hand profuse by her adorn'd  
 —The flowret of the wild !

Her neat but homely garment pres'd  
 The pure, the feeling heart,  
 Oft sought in vain behind the vest  
 Of decorated art :

“ If sharing all thy cares (she said)  
 “ Has paled my beauty's rose,  
 “ Ah know ! for thee the heart that bled,  
 “ With all its passion glows :

“ Blest

“ Blest moment to my wish that gives  
 “ The long long absent youth !  
 “ He lives—th’ endearing CABEYSA lives,  
 “ And love confirms the truth.

“ When thy brave comrades fell around,  
 “ What pow’rs benignant care,  
 “ Secur’d thee from the fatal wound ?  
 “ And LAURA from despair ?

“ Oft in the troubling dream of night  
 “ I saw the rushing spear,  
 “ Nor did the morn’s awak’ning light  
 “ Dispel the ling’ring fear.

“ Thy tender fears (the youth replied)  
 “ Ah give them to the air !  
 “ To happiness we’re now allied,  
 “ And pleasure be our care :

“ Let us pursue the joy begun,  
 “ Nor lose by dull delay :  
 “ Say, LAURA, shall to-morrow’s sun  
 “ Illume our nuptial day ?

With

With look declin'd she blush'd consent—  
 Reserve that takes alarm,  
 And Love and Joy their influence lent  
 To raise meek beauty's charm.

The guests, to hail the wedded pair,  
 Beneath their roof repair'd,  
 With them the little feast to share  
 Their scanty purse prepar'd :

Tho' no delicious wines were pour'd,  
 Mirth took his destin'd place,  
 The hand-maid Neatness spread the board,  
 And sage Content said grace.

Scarce thro' one hasty week had Love  
 His grateful blessings shed,  
 When bliss (as flies the frighted dove)  
 Their humble mansion fled :

"Twas at BELLONA's voice it flew,  
 That call'd to war's alarms :  
 Bad the youth rise to valor true,  
 And break from LAURA's arms :

But

But she still strained him to her heart,  
 To lengthen the adieu :  
 " Ah what, (she said) should'st thou depart,  
 " Shall I and sorrow do ?

" Say, valiant youth, when thou'rt away  
 " Who'll raise my drooping head ?  
 " How shall I chace the fears that say  
 " Thy lov'd C A B E Y S A 's dead ?

" With thine my fate I now involve,  
 " Intent thy course to steer,  
 " No words shall shake my firm resolve,  
 " Not ev'n that trickling tear :

" Fram'd for each scene of soft delight,  
 " (He said) thy gentle form,  
 " As shrinks the lily at the blight,  
 " Will droop beneath the storm .

" Blest in thy presence ! ev'ry pain  
 " (She added) brings its charm,  
 " And love, tho' falls the beating rain,  
 " Will keep this bosom warm.

Her

Her zeal (the supplement of strength)  
 Upheld her many a day,  
 But Nature's pow'rs subdu'd at length,  
 On Sickness' couch she lay :

Three painful days unseen she lay  
 Of him she held so dear :  
 " Ah does he thus my love repay ?  
 She said—and dropt a tear :

" CABEYSA, at a league's remove,  
 " Dwells on the tent-spread hill :  
 " Ah wherefore did he vow true love,  
 " And not that vow fulfil ?

Yet not deficiency of truth  
 Forbad to yield relief,  
 Stern pow'r with-held the tender youth,  
 And duty to his chief :

Who wisely-counsel'd drew a line,  
 To check the hand of Stealth,  
 That ravag'd wide th' encircling vine,  
 The humble peasant's wealth :

To

To pass the line, it was ordain'd,  
 Whoever shou'd presume,  
 Should a Deserter be arraign'd,  
 And meet the coward's doom :

This law by equity approv'd,  
 And to the peasant dear,  
 Soon to the brave CAREYSA prov'd  
 Destructively severe :

Now LAURA's image haunts his soul,  
 In Woe's dark tints array'd :  
 While to his breast Compassion stole,  
 And all her claims display'd :

“ For me her native home (he said)  
 “ For me each weeping friend,  
 “ For me a father's arms she fled—  
 “ And shall not love attend ?

“ Say, for a chosen lover's sake,  
 “ What more cou'd woman do ?  
 “ And now that health and peace forsake,  
 “ Shall I forsake her too ?

D

“ Now

“ Now stretch’d upon the naked ground,  
 “ Oppress’d with pain and fear,  
 “ She casts a languid eye around,  
 “ Nor sees CABEYSA near :

“ Now, now she weeps at my delay,  
 “ And shall neglect be mine ?  
 “ Submit, ye fears, to Pity’s sway !”  
 He spoke—and crost’d the line.

Soon at his sight the fair resum’d  
 Each captivating grace :  
 On her pale cheek the rose rebloom’d,  
 And smiles illum’d her face.

Yet to that cheek return’d in vain  
 Bright Health’s vermillion dye,  
 For bitter tears that cheek shall stain,  
 And dim her brilliant eye :

The youth returning thro’ the gloom,  
 At midnight’s secret hour,  
 Was seiz’d——and to dishonour’s tomb  
 Doom’d by the martial pow’r.

To

To meet his fate at wake of day  
(Love's victim) he was led,  
No weakness did his cheek betray,  
While to the chief he said :

“ If in the battle death I've dar'd,  
“ In all its horror dreft,  
“ Think not this scene, by thee prepar'd,  
“ Sheds terror on my breast :

“ Yet then at LAURA's hapless fate,  
“ My fortitude impairs,  
“ Unmann'd I sink beneath the weight  
“ Of her oppressive cares :

“ Ah ! when her grief-torn heart shall bleed,  
“ Some little solace grant,  
“ O guard her in the hour of need  
“ From the rude hand of want.

Now, kneeling on the fatal spot,  
He twin'd the dark'ning band :  
The twelve who drew the unwelcome lot,  
Reluctant took their stand.

And now the murmur'ring throng grew dumb;  
 'Twas silence all—save where,  
 At intervals the mournful drum  
 Struck horror on the ear.

Now, with their death-fraught tubes up-rear'd,  
 The destin'd twelve were seen—  
 And now the explosion dire was heard  
 That clos'd CABEYSA's scene.

Another scene remain'd behind  
 For LAURA to supply—  
 She comes! mark how her tortur'd mind  
 Speaks thro' th' expressive eye :

“ Forbear—will ye in blood (she said)  
 “ Your cruel hands imbrue :  
 “ On me, on me your vengeance shed,  
 “ To me alone 'tis due :

“ Relent—and to these arms again  
 “ The valiant youth restore.  
 “ I rave—already on the plain  
 “ He welters in his gore.

Advancing

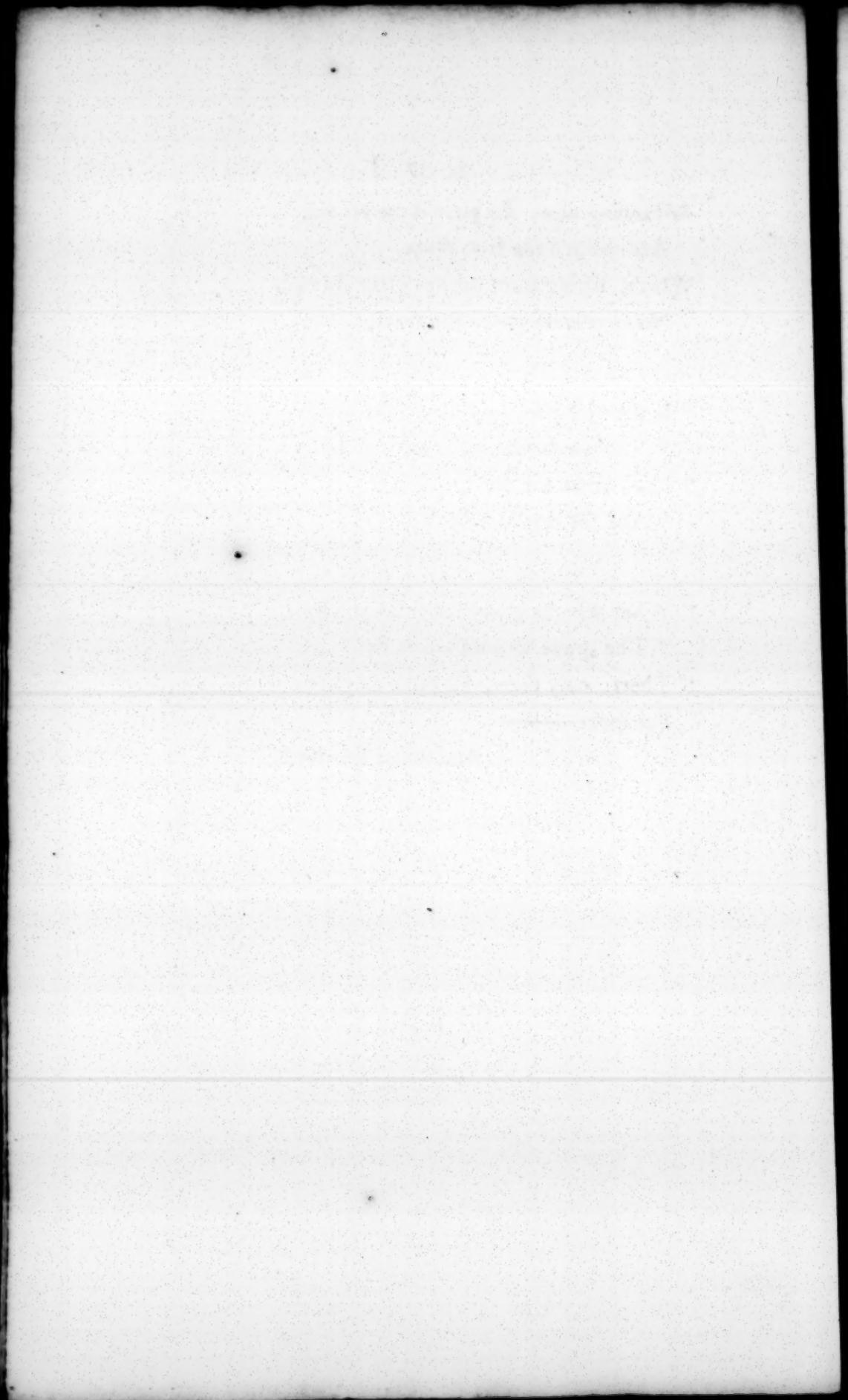
Advancing now, she pierc'd the crowd,  
And reach'd the fatal place,  
Where, lifting from the cōse the shroud,  
No semblance cou'd she trace.

“ Is this—oh blasting view ! (she cried)  
“ The youth who lov'd too well !  
“ His love for me the law defied,  
“ And for that love he fell.

“ When will the grave this form receive ?  
“ The grave to which he's fled ?  
“ There, only there, I'll cease to grieve.

She spoke——

And join'd the dead.



## I L L A T T E.

*Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.*

YE fair, for whom the hands of HYMEN weave  
 The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,  
 While pleasing pains the conscious bosom heave,  
 And on the kindling cheek the blushes glow :

Whose spotless soul contains the better dow'r,  
 Whose life unstain'd full many virtues vouch,  
 For whom now Venus frames the fragrant bow'r,  
 And scatters roses o'er the destin'd couch :

To you I sing.—Ah ! ere the raptur'd youth,  
 With trembling hand, removes the jealous veil,  
 Where, long regardless of the vows of truth,  
 Unsocial coynes stamp'd th' ungrateful seal :

Allow the poet round your flowing hair,  
 Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,  
 To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,  
 And wake the lute beside that living shrine :

That

That sacred shrine ! where female virtue glows,  
 Where ev'n the Graces all their treasures bring,  
 And where the lily, temper'd with the rose,  
 Harmonious contrast ! breathes an Eden spring :

That shrine ! where Nature with presaging aim,  
 What time her friendly aid **LUCINA** brings,  
 The snowy nectar pours, delightful stream !  
 Where flutt'ring Cupids dip their purple wings :

For you who bear a mother's sacred name,  
 Whose cradled offspring, in lamenting strain,  
 With artless eloquence asserts his claim,  
 The boon of nature, but asserts in vain :

Say why, illustrious daughters of the great,  
 Lives not the nursling at your tender breast ?  
 By you protected in his frail estate ?  
 By you attended, and by you caref'd ?

To venal hands, alas ! can you resign  
 The parent's task, the mother's pleasing care ?  
 To venal hands the smiling babe confign ?  
 While **HYMEN** starts, and Nature drops a tear.

When

When 'mid the polish'd circle ye rejoice,  
 Or roving join fantastic Pleasure's train,  
 Unheard perchance the nurfling lifts his voice,  
 His tears unnotic'd, and unsooth'd his pain.

Ah ! what avails the coral crown'd with gold ?  
 In heedless infancy the title vain ?  
 The colours gay the purfled scarfs unfold ?  
 The splendid nurs'ry, and th' attendant train ?

Far better hadst thou first beheld the light,  
 Beneath the rafter of some roof obscure ;  
 There in a mother's eye to read delight,  
 And in her cradling arm repose secure. —

Nor wonder, should Hygeia, blissful Queen !  
 Her wonted salutary gifts recall,  
 While haggard Pain applies his dagger keen,  
 And o'er the cradle Death unfolds his pall.

The flow'ret ravish'd from its native air,  
 And bid to flourish in a foreign vale,  
 Does it not oft elude the planter's care,  
 And breathe its dying odors on the gale ?

For

For you, ye plighted fair, when Hymen crowns  
 With tender offspring your unshaken love,  
 Behold them not with Rigor's chilling frowns,  
 Nor from your sight unfeelingly remove.

Unsway'd by Fashion's dull unseemly jest,  
 Still to the bosom let your infant cling,  
 There banquet oft, an ever-welcome guest,  
 Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful spring.

With fond solicitude each pain assuage,  
 Explain the look, awake the ready smile;  
 Unfeign'd attachment so shall you engage,  
 To crown with gratitude maternal toil:

So shall your daughters in affliction's day,  
 When o'er your form the gloom of age shall spread,  
 With lenient converse chase the hours away,  
 And smooth with Duty's hand the widow'd bed:

Approach, compassionate, the voice of grief,  
 And whisper patience to the closing ear:  
 From Comfort's chalice minister relief,  
 And in the potion drop a filial tear.

So shall your sons, when beauty is no more,  
 When fades the languid lustre in your eye,  
 When Flatt'ry shuns her dulcet notes to pour,  
 The want of beauty, and of praise, supply :

Ev'n from the wreath that decks the warrior's brow,  
 Some chosen leaves your peaceful walks shall strew :  
 And ev'n the flow'rs on classic ground that blow,  
 Shall all unfold their choicest sweets for you.

When to th' embattled host the trumpet blows,  
 While at the call fair ALBION's gallant train  
 Dare to the field their triple-number'd foes,  
 And chase them speeding o'er the martial plain :

The mother kindles at the glorious thought,  
 And to her son's renown adjoins her name ;  
 For, at the nurt'ring breast, the *Hero* caught  
 The love of virtue, and the love of fame.

Or in the senate when Britannia's cause,  
 With gen'rous themes, inspires the glowing mind,  
 While list'ning Freedom grateful looks applause,  
 Pale Slav'ry drops her chain, and sculks behind :

With

With conscious joy the tender parent fraught,  
Still to her son's renown adjoins her name ;  
For, at the nurt'ring breast, the *patriot* caught  
The love of Virtue, and the love of Fame.

MATILDA.

## M A T I L D A.

Ou sont les entrailles, les cris, les emotions puissantes  
de la Nature? — C'est dans l'ame brulante et  
passionnée des Mères.

*Monsieur Thomas, Essai sur les femmes.*

OUtrageous did the loud wind blow  
Across the sounding main :  
The vessel tossing to and fro,  
Could scarce the storm sustain.

MATILDA to her fearful breast,  
Held close her infant dear,  
His presence all her fears increas'd,  
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,  
The shatter'd vessel drew :  
The daring waves now ceas'd to roar,  
Now shout the exulting crew.

MATILDA

MATILDA with a mother's joy,  
 Gave thanks to heav'n's pow'r :  
 How fervent she imbrac'd her boy !  
 How blest the saving hour !

O much deceiv'd and hapless fair,  
 Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,  
 Thou, from that fatal moment, ne'er  
 Didst taste of pleasure more.

For stepping forth from off the deck,  
 To reach the welcome ground,  
 The Babe, unclasping from her neck,  
 Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd ! her haggard eye  
 Gave not a tear to flow,  
 Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh,  
 She stood a sculptur'd woe,

To snatch the child from instant death,  
 Some brav'd the threat'ning main,  
 And to recall his fleeting breath  
 Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But

But when the corse first met her view,  
 Stretch'd on the pebbly strand,  
 Rous'd from her ecstasy she flew,  
 And pierc'd th' opposing band.

With tresses discompos'd and rude,  
 Fell prostrate on the ground,  
 To th' infant's lips her lips she glew'd,  
 And sorrow burst its bound.

Now throwing round a troubled glance,  
 With madnes's ray inflam'd,  
 And, breaking from her silent trance,  
 She wildly thus exclaim'd :

- ‘ Heard ye the helpless infant scream ?
- ‘ Saw ye the mother bold ?
- ‘ How as she flung him in the stream,
- ‘ The billows o'er him roll'd.
  
- ‘ But soft, a while——see there he lies,
- ‘ Embalm'd in infant sleep :
- ‘ Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,
- ‘ What cause is here to weep ?

‘ Yes,

- Yes, yes—his little life is fled,
- ‘ His heaveless breast is cold :
- What tears will not thy mother shed,
- ‘ When thy sad tale is told
  
- Ah me ! that cheek of livid hue ——
- ‘ That brow—that auburn hair ——
- Those lips where late the roses blew,
- ‘ All, all my son declare.
  
- Strange thrilling horrors chill each vein—
- ‘ A voice in accents wild
- Thunders to this distracted brain.
- ‘ **MATILDA** slew her child.

She added not—but sunk oppres'd—  
 Death on her eye-lids stole :  
 While from her grief-distracted breast  
 She sigh'd her tortur'd soul.

T H E

**SWEDISH CURATE.**

A P O E M.

E

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**GUSTAVUS VASA**, after his escape from his confinement in Denmark, was received, as he travelled through **SWEDEN** in disguise, by **SUVERDSIO**, a country curate ; who, at the hazard of his life, concealed him in the parish church.

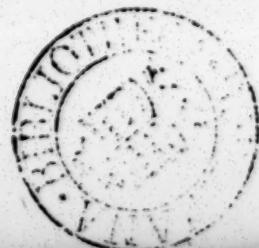
*See the Revolutions of Sweden by Vertot.*

## T H E

## S W E D I S H C U R A T E.

BENEATH the friendly veil that midnight spread,  
 GUSTAVUS to the patriot priest was led,  
 An humble, plain, disinterested man,  
 Who rear'd his useful life on virtue's plan :  
 Pleas'd to behold, entrusted to his care,  
 The hopes of Sweden, and fair Freedom's heir ;  
 Lest spies should still their privacy invade,  
 He to Religion's dome the chief convey'd :  
 There unrestrain'd he gladly own'd his guest,  
 And yielded to the zeal that fir'd his breast.

“ Beneath yon hallow'd lamp's resplendent light,  
 “ Which glows a brilliant on the breast of Night,  
 “ Let me thy long-lost image now survey,  
 “ And grateful homage to GUSTAVUS pay :  
 “ Oppres'd, o'erthrown at CHRISTIERN's dire decree,  
 “ Unhappy Sweden still looks up to thee.”



" Do'st thou with honest and indignant zeal,  
 " The hero answer'd, speak of Sweden's weal?  
 " Lament the ills the Danish hands achieve?  
 " Or do'st thou flatter only to deceive?  
 " Then be it so—call forth thy murd'ring train,  
 " And summon to my bier the cruel Dane,  
 " Thus to preferment's summit shalt thou rise,  
 " And catch the hov'ring mitre for thy prize.

" Misjudging youth, the sacred Seer replied,  
 " Suppress th' injurious doubt, and still confide:  
 " Tho' indigent I stand! yet far above  
 " The hov'ring mitre is my country's love:  
 " Let others to the gilded cross aspire,  
 " And from the crozier catch Ambition's fire,  
 " And as they bask in Leo's foft'ring ray,  
 " Their wealth, their pride, their pageantry display:  
 " Let me, by grandeur undisturb'd, unseen,  
 " Content inspher'd in duty's humbler scene,  
 " Sequester'd lead my unaspiring days,  
 " And quench at Virtue's fount the thirst of praise:  
 " Be mine to dwell amidst the village swains,  
 " Survey their pleasures and partake their pains,  
 " Still to their wants unfold my little store,  
 " And place Contentment at the cottage door.

" Ah,

" Ah, deem me then no longer Falshood's son,  
 " (By some dishonest meed's allurement won)  
 " Prompt to surprise thee with ignoble art,  
 " And thro' thy bosom pierce my country's heart.  
 " Avert it Heav'n—Shall on this hallow'd ground,  
 " Where all Religion's terrors breath around,  
 " Say, shall Venality, with artful mein,  
 " Dare to profane this venerable scene ?  
 " —Yon distant altar, dress'd in simple guise,  
 " Which seems from out th' encircling tombs to rise,  
 " From whose dread base at each returning day,  
 " While o'er the world ten lustres roll'd away,  
 " I've sent to Heav'n, upon the wings of pray'r,  
 " The hamlet's homage and the hamlet's care,  
 " Shall ne'er behold me tott'ring o'er my grave,  
 " False to my country, treach'rrous to the brave."

The Chief, convinc'd, replies—" Oh virtuous Seer,  
 " Thy firm intrepid zeal I now revere :  
 " That honour-breathing voice, those silver hairs,  
 " That candid brow, engrav'd with Wisdom's cares,  
 " All strike my soul with Truth's unclouded ray,  
 " Before whose warmth suspicion melts away."

" Thrice

" Thrice happy hour ! the exulting Pastor said,  
 " Let injur'd Sweden raise her drooping head,  
 " For lo her godlike Hero comes to save  
 " Her laws, her rights, her freedom from the grave.  
 " — Urg'd in thy absence by intruding fears,  
 " We thought thee dead, and bath'd that thought in  
 " tears."

" My death, the Chief return'd, the Dane decreed,  
 " But fear, the tyrant's curse, forbade the deed :  
 " Yet then the monarch spread his treach'rous sails,  
 " And by the favour of conspiring gales,  
 " Convey'd me on his rapid bark away,  
 " To his entrusted faith an helpless prey :  
 " Yet still severer fate to me remain'd ;  
 " This arm the unrelenting C H R I S T I E R N chain'd.  
 " Can'st thou conceive the pangs that stung my breast,  
 " I who to Fame my ardent vows address'd,  
 " When, for th' unblemish'd lustre of renown,  
 " That plays encircling on young Valour's crown,  
 " Condemn'd by Fortune's inauspicious doom,  
 " These eyes were blasted with a prison's gloom !  
 " In ev'ry plan, in all my wishes cross'd,  
 " These arms, my zeal, my youth to Sweden lost.  
 " But Heaven, that watches with parental care  
 " The blameless suff'rer, rais'd me from despair.

Gave,

" Gave, to my longing hopes, the welcome hour,  
 " Decreed to snatch me from the Danish pow'r :  
 " Yet then new sorrows did my path pursue,  
 " In scenes presented to my mournful view :  
 " Still as I wander'd o'er my native land,  
 " I mark'd the ravage of a tyrant's hand :  
 " Rich Industry had fled the naked plains,  
 " To Slav'ry's banners march'd th' unwilling swains :  
 " Each lofty seat that crown'd the mountain's brow,  
 " And frown'd defiance on th' invading foe,  
 " Spoil'd of its honours, desolate, disgrac'd,  
 " Its turrets fallen ! its battlements defac'd !  
 " Seem'd to the pensive traveller to say,  
 " *Bebold the dire effect of lawless sway !*  
 " The dreary scene unequal to sustain,  
 " I sigh'd—and languish'd for my chains again :  
 " Yet other ills, perchance, I've still to know,  
 " Perchance **GUSTAVUS** feels but half his woe.  
 " Averse to walk beneath the eye of day,  
 " Thro' night I urg'd my solitary way ;  
 " Where'er I went my name I still suppress'd,  
 " And lock'd each bold enquiry in my breast."

The priest renew'd " Heart-wounded I unveil,  
 " Replete with Sweden's woes, the cover'd tale :

" The

" The barb'rous scene now rip'ning into fate,  
 " The Danish King unbarr'd destruction's gate\* :  
 " When, for the pomp, th' imperial town survey'd  
 " The splendid scenery that joy display'd,  
 " (While to the sound of flutes and festive song  
 " The new crown'd Dane triumphant pass'd along)  
 " Stern Tyranny thro' trembling Stockholm bore  
 " Her tort'ring wheel, and axes stain'd with gore :  
 " While at her side a captive train appear'd—  
 " Illustrious train ! by Liberty rever'd :  
 " Still as they pass'd, they heard around them rise  
 " The people's loud laments and piercing cries :  
 " These eyes beheld, (and do I live to tell)  
 " How firm to Truth these patriot martyrs fell.  
 " First on the scaffold, proud to lay the way  
 " To honour'd death from ignominious day,  
 " Appear'd—Ah let me not that scene disclose,  
 " And pour upon thy soul a flood of woes :  
 " Hear will I pause—yet wherefore thus conceal  
 " What babbling fame will soon to thee reveal ?  
 " Oh summon all thy fortitude of heart,  
 " For I must wound it in the tend'rest part :

" He

\* Alluding to the massacre of the senate at Stockholm.

" He on the tragic scene who first appear'd  
 " To meet the bloody axe that CHRISTIERN rear'd,  
 " Unblam'd through life, a venerable Seer,  
 " For whom now gushes this unbidden tear,  
 " Who Virtue's steep ascent unrivall'd won,  
 " Rever'd, regretted, call'd GUSTAVUS son."

Th' astonish'd Hero, at his words oppress'd,  
 Like Sorrow's image stands with voice suppress'd :  
 The Priest, unequal to dispense relief,  
 Stood at his side enwrapp'd in silent grief.

—Now, breaking from the chains Affliction fram'd,  
 And bursting into voice, the youth exclaim'd :

" Oh injur'd spirit of my father hear,  
 " By yon dread altar and these shrines I swear,  
 " The base inhuman Dane the day shall rue  
 " He dar'd the scaffold with thy blood imbrue :  
 " A monitor within, to which I yield,  
 " Stirs and impels me to th' avenging field."

He said—a deeper darkness seem'd to reign,  
 A hollow wind ran murmur'ring thro' the fane,  
 When lo, ascending from the realms of night,  
 An awe-commanding spectre rush'd to fight :  
 Around his temples seem'd the civic wreath,  
 And thus prophetic spoke the son of Death :

" Arise

" Arise to vindicate the sacred laws,  
 " Revenge thy father's and thy country's cause :  
 " Arise ! to Mora's distant field repair,  
 " Where Freedom's banners catch the playful air ;  
 " Beneath whose shade for thee impatient stand,  
 " Prepar'd to combat, an intrepid band :  
 " But whether in the bold ensanguin'd strife  
 " Thou shalt or forfeit or prolong thy life—  
 " Thy foes shall fall—This to thy knowledge giv'n,  
 " The rest lies buried in the breast of Heav'n :  
 " Still let my wrongs support thee in the fight—  
 " He ceas'd—and instant vanish'd into night.

The Pastor spoke—“ Go forth, illustrious chief,  
 “ At Heav'n's commandment, to the realm's relief :  
 “ Yet then indulge me in this bold request,  
 “ Say, is each meaner thought subdu'd to rest ?  
 “ Say, in this solemn and important hour,  
 “ Glows not thy bosom with the lust of pow'r ?”

“ Not all the radiant sun-beams of renown,  
 “ Nor yet the dazzling lustre of a crown,  
 “ Shall e'er, the youth replies, this heart control :  
 “ — My country's love possesses all my soul.

“ Ev'n

" Ev'n as the bird that from its ashes springs,  
 " And soars aloft upon exulting wings,  
 " So does my country's love its birth assume,  
 " And mount triumphant from the passions' tomb."

" But should I view, unnumber'd with the slain,  
 " 'Tis all I ask, fair Freedom's future reign .  
 " Then from my gratitude thy voice shall claim  
 " All that thy want or fondest wish can frame.  
 " No splendid gifts, the virtuous man rejoin'd,  
 " Have pow'r to move the duty-center'd mind :  
 " Yet would thy gratitude my love secure,  
 " Then be, oh Chief! a father to the poor :  
 " Farewell—No longer will I now detain  
 " Thy wanted presence from th' embattled plain :  
 " Illustrious offspring of an honour'd race,  
 " Allow my warm attachment this embrace."  
 He spoke—and, with a love devoid of art,  
 He press'd **GUSTAVUS** to his feeling heart.  
 Now, breaking from the youth's encircling arms,  
 Resign'd him to his fate and war's alarms :  
 Then to the sacred altar he repair'd,  
 And thus aloud his ardent vow preferr'd :  
 " Oh Thou that liv'st enshrin'd from mortal eye,  
 " Look down indulgent from thy sacred sky,

" See

" See the bold youth ascend BELLONA's car,  
 " And safely guide him thro' the walks of war.  
 " On Freedom's brow be his the wreath to twine,  
 " To see that happy glorious day be mine."  
 He added not—Heav'n granted half his pray'r,  
 The rest was scatter'd to th' abortive air.  
 Scarce had the chief commenc'd his bold career,  
 When slept the Curate on his peaceful bier :  
 There heav'd the village swain the sigh profound,  
 There stood the grateful poor lamenting round.

Thus mourn'd, thus honour'd fell, the hallow'd sage,  
 A bright example to each future age !  
 The hamlet, jealous of her Pastor's fame,  
 Adorn'd her simple annals with his name.

T H E

THE  
F U N E R A L  
OF  
A R A B E R T,  
MONK OF LA TRAPPE:  
A  
P O E M.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**A R A B E R T**, a young ecclesiastic, retired to the convent of *La Trappe*, in obedience to a vow he had taken during a fit of Illness: **LEONORA**, with whom he had lived in the strictest intimacy, followed her lover, and by the means of a disguise, obtained admission into the monastery, where a few days after she assisted at her lover's Funeral.

T H E

## F U N E R A L, &amp;c.

**F A I R L E O N O R A**, by affliction led,  
 Sought the dread dome where sleep the hallow'd dead :  
 The solemn edifice was wrapt around,  
 In midnight darkness, and in peace profound :  
 A solitary lamp, with languid light,  
 Serv'd not to chase, but to disclose the night ;  
 Serv'd to disclose (the source of all her pains)  
 The tomb that gap'd for **A R A B E R T**'s remains :  
 To this, she sent the deep, the frequent sigh,  
 And spoke—the warm tear rushing from her eye.

‘ Doom'd to receive all that my soul holds dear,  
 ‘ Give him that rest his heart refus'd him here :  
 ‘ Oh screen him from the pain the tender know,  
 ‘ The train of sorrows that from passion flow !  
 ‘ And to his happier envied state adjoin,’  
 ‘ (Or all is vain) an ignorance of mine.’

Ae

As thus she mourn'd, an aged priest drew near,  
 (Whose pure life glided as the riv'let clear,)  
 The virtuous A N S E L M—Tho' in cloisters bred,  
 Still bright-ey'd Wisdom to his cell he led :  
 From paths of sophistry he lov'd to stray,  
 To tread the walk where Nature led the way,  
 The prior's rank he long had held approv'd,  
 Esteem'd, rever'd, and as a parent lov'd :  
 Unskilful in the jargon of the schools,  
 He knew humanity's diviner rules :  
 To others gentle, to himself severe,  
 On sorrow's wound he dropt the healing tear.  
 In all the negligence of grief he found,  
 The fair extended on the naked ground.

Touch'd at her woe the sacred father said,  
 ' Well may'st thou droop if happiness be fled :  
 ' Sure, if at holy A R A B E R T 's decease,  
 ' Impetuous sorrows rush upon thy peace,  
 ' Some much-lov'd friend in him you must deplore,  
 ' Or, dearer still, a brother is no more :  
 ' Yet, as thro' life our weary steps we bend,  
 ' Let us not sink when beating storms descend :  
 ' Still let Religion hold unrival'd sway,  
 ' And Patience walk companion of our way.

‘ Ah,

‘ Ah, lose not sight of that delightful shore,  
 ‘ Whose blissful bow’rs shall friends to friends restore !  
 ‘ Tho’ here misfortune comes to blast our will,  
 ‘ The Heav’ns are just, and God a father still.’

‘ Blest be the voice, the rising mourner said,  
 ‘ That bids Affliction raise her drooping head :  
 ‘ That bids me hope (beyond ev’n Death’s domain,)  
 ‘ These eyes shall banquet on my love again.  
 ‘ Ah, start not Anselm—for to truth allied,  
 ‘ Impiety now throws her mask aside :  
 ‘ No holy monk by contemplation led,  
 ‘ To these sequester’d mansions of the dead,  
 ‘ No youth devoted to Religion’s pow’r,  
 ‘ Implores thy pity at this awful hour.—  
 ‘ The guilty secret—I’ll at length unfold—  
 ‘ In me—(forgive) a woman you behold.  
 ‘ Ah fly me not, let mercy now prevail,  
 ‘ And deign to mark my sad disast’rous tale.

‘ Known to misfortune from my tender years,  
 ‘ My parent’s ashes drank my early tears :  
 ‘ A barb’rous uncle to each vice allied.  
 ‘ The office of a parent ill supplied :

' Of my entire inheritance posseſſ'd,  
 ' By lucre prompted, and by fortune bleſſt,  
 ' He paſſ'd the ocean never to return,  
 ' And left me weeping o'er my parent's urn :  
 ' Then A R A B E R T, the gen'rous stranger came,  
 ' To ſooth my ſorrows, and relieve my shame :  
 ' Beneath his tender care, my woes decreas'd,  
 ' More than Religion's, he was Pity's priest :  
 ' To reach his bounty my affection strove,  
 ' Till gratitude was heighten'd into love :  
 ' Nor he at length refuſ'd the lover's part,  
 ' The pity that adorn'd, betray'd his heart.  
 ' How ardently he wiſh'd the nuptial rite,  
 ' In holy wedlock, might our hands unite :  
 ' But ſtern Religion at our vows exclam'd,  
 ' And tore the bands that Love and Nature fram'd :  
 ' For then devoted to her hallow'd ſhrine,  
 ' His country's laws forbade him to be mine.  
 ' Tho' from my mind each flatt'ring thought retir'd,  
 ' And in my bosom, hope and peace expir'd,  
 ' Yet on their ruins, love triumphant roſe :  
 ' Enough—ſhame o'er the reſt a mantle throws :  
 ' At length Remorſe effac'd the guilty ſcene,  
 ' And to his breast apply'd her dagger keen ;

• Reſtrain'd

' Restrain'd in full career the erring youth,  
 ' And led him back to Innocence and Truth :  
 ' 'Twas then he fled from Pleasure's rosy bow'rs,  
 ' To woo Religion in these gloomy tow'rs :  
 ' Yet ere he fled, my bliss he fondly plann'd,  
 ' And scatter'd riches with a lavish hand :  
 ' Ah, what to me avail'd the golden store ?  
 ' The giver gone, the gift cou'd charm no more.

' While in the gloom his tedious absence cast,  
 ' My former life in fancy I repass'd,  
 ' Repentance gain'd admission to my breast,  
 ' Nor did it enter an unwelcome guest :  
 ' For ne'er to Pleasure I dismiss'd the rein  
 ' Free and unconscious of reflection's pain :  
 ' If hapless L E O N O R A lov'd too well,  
 ' Content, fair Virtue's friend, with Virtue fell :  
 ' But not my stubborn soul cou'd pray'r subdue,  
 ' Ev'n grafted on remorse my passion grew ;  
 ' Too fatal passion——by its impulse led,  
 ' In man's attire to this retreat I fled :  
 ' Yet then, ev'n then to bashful fear allied,  
 ' Still o'er my love did modesty preside.  
 ' In those sweet moments that precede the night,  
 ' When peaceful nature wears a soften'd light,

' I met the youth within the solemn grove,  
 ' (His frequent walk) absorb'd in heav'nly love .  
 ' I strove to speak, but words refus'd to flow,  
 ' And, fix'd, I stood a monument of woe :  
 ' While God and he employ the trembling scene,  
 ' 'Twere sacrilege, I cried, to rush between .  
 ' Still from that hour my wishes I restrain'd,  
 ' And in my breast th' unwilling secret chain'd,  
 ' Unknown to him, yet half content I grew,  
 ' So that his form might daily charm my view.  
 ' But new Affliction, with relentless hand,  
 ' O'erthrew the project that my heart had plann'd :  
 ' Amid the horrors of the lonesome night,  
 ' A ghastly spectre rush'd upon my sight,  
 ' And pour'd these accents on my trembling ear,  
 ' *T*hink not impiety shall triumph here :  
 ' *T*hy hopes are blasted—Death's tremendous bell  
 ' Shall sound, ere many hours, thy lover's knell :  
 ' I started from my couch, with fright impress'd,  
 ' Flew to the fane to calm my anxious breast ;  
 ' By love then prompted—yet by love dismay'd,  
 ' The peopled choir I tremblingly survey'd ;  
 ' Still mid th' innumerable monastic train,  
 ' These eyes solicited his form in vain :

‘ Nor

' Nor in the field or pensive grove retir'd  
 ' Could I discover whom my heart requir'd :  
 ' Then sure (I cried) at this unhappy hour  
 ' Does anguish o'er his cell diffuse its pow'r :  
 ' Shall LEONORA not relieve his pain,  
 ' And with these arms his drooping head sustain ?  
 ' Say, at the couch, when death is stalking round,  
 ' Shall not the spouse of his fond heart be found ?  
 ' Ah no—th' affection that subdues me still,  
 ' At that dread moment check'd my ardent will,  
 ' Left rushing on his fight I should control  
 ' The holy thoughts that hover'd o'er his soul.

' This low'ring morn disclos'd the fatal truth :  
 ' Oh early lost—oh lov'd—oh hapless youth——  
 ' Fix'd to the column of the hallow'd porch——  
 ' 'Twas scarcely light—some fury lent her torch——  
 ' I read——

*The pious ARABERT's no more,  
 The peace the dead require, for him implore :*

' Let peace, let joy, (I said) his spirit join,  
 ' Nor joy, nor peace must e'er encircle mine :  
 ' Lamented youth ! too tenderly allied,  
 ' In vain you fled me, and in vain you died,

‘ Still

Still to your image, which this breast inurns,  
 My constant heart a lamp perpetual burns.

‘ But thou, to whom as friend he did impart  
 ‘ Each latent wish, and foible of the heart ;  
 ‘ For well I know, where Sorrow drops a tear,  
 ‘ Or misery complains, thou still art near ;  
 ‘ Ah say, by love did my idea dreſt,  
 ‘ Come to his mind thus welcome, thus careſt ?  
 ‘ Or on his soul come rushing undefir’d,  
 ‘ The fatal fair, by female arts inspir’d,  
 ‘ Who dimm’d the lustre of his radiant name,  
 ‘ And from his temples tore the flow’r of fame :  
 ‘ Who thro’ the labyrinth of pleasure’s bow’r  
 ‘ Allur’d (for beauty ſuch as mine had pow’r)  
 ‘ Ev’n to the dang’rous ſteep—and caſt him down  
 ‘ From high repute to grov’ling diſrenown :  
 ‘ Wretch that I am, to my diſtressful ſtate  
 ‘ There wanted not th’ addition of his hate :  
 ‘ For him I plung’d my artleſs youth in shame,  
 ‘ Unloc’d reſerve, and ſacrific’d my fame :  
 ‘ Still, ſtill I fear (unable to confide,)  
 ‘ Before my A R A B E R T, the lover died :  
 ‘ This thought (to thee I’ll own) ſuspends my grief,  
 ‘ While cold indifference comes to my relief ;

‘ Say,

‘ Say, virtuous **ANSELM**, if this thought be vain,  
 ‘ And give, Oh give me all my grief again !’

To her replied the pity-breathing seer,  
 ‘ Mark well my words, and lose thy idle fear ;  
 ‘ When on the couch of Death, the victim lay,  
 ‘ Not in that moment was his friend away :  
 ‘ As at his side I took my mournful stand,  
 ‘ With feeble grasp he seiz’d my offer’d hand,  
 ‘ And thus began :—“ The fatal dart is sped,  
 ‘ Soon, soon shall **ARABERT** encrease the dead .  
 ‘ “ Tis well—for what can added life bestow,  
 ‘ But days returning still with added woe :  
 ‘ “ Say, have I not secluded from my sight,  
 ‘ “ The lovely object of my past delight ?  
 ‘ “ Ah, had I too dethron’d her from my mind,  
 ‘ “ When here the holy brotherhood I join’d,  
 ‘ “ Remorse wou’d not, encreasing my disease,  
 ‘ “ Prey on my soul, and rob it of its ease :  
 ‘ “ And yet I strove, unequal to the part,  
 ‘ “ Weak to perform the sacrifice of heart :  
 ‘ “ And now, ev’n now, too feeble to control,  
 ‘ “ I feel her clinging to my parting soul :”  
 ‘ He spoke—(my sympathetic bosom bled,)  
 ‘ And to the realms of Death his spirit fled.

The

The fair rejoin'd : ' Misled by foul distrust,  
 ' To him, whose heart was mine, am I unjust ?  
 ' Ah, ARABERT, th' unwilling fault forgive,  
 ' Dead to th' alluring world, in thee I live :  
 ' My thoughts, my deep regret, my sorrows own,  
 ' No view, no object still but thee alone :      .  
 ' At all the vengeance bursting from above,  
 ' Alarm'd, I weep, I shudder, yet I love.'

As thus she spoke, the death-bell smote her ear,  
 While to the porch the fun'ral train drew near :  
 Ah, LEONORE, in that tremendous hour,  
 Did'st thou not feel all Heav'n's avenging pow'r,  
 When moving thro' the ayle, the choral band,  
 And vested priests, with torches in their hand,  
 Gave to thy view, unfortunately dear,  
 'Thy lover sleeping on th' untimely bier ?

Collecting now at length her scatter'd force,  
 With trembling footsteps she approach'd the corse,  
 And while she check'd the conflict in her breast,  
 The wide-encircling throng she thus address'd :  
 ' Well may ye mark me with astonish'd eyes,  
 ' Audacious hypocrite in man's disguise ;

‘ Who

' Who urg'd by passion, dar'd with steps profane,  
 ' Approach the hallow'd dome of Virtue's train :  
 ' Lead me, ah lead me, to the dungeon's gloom,  
 ' The rack prepare—I yield me to your doom :  
 ' Yet still should Pity in your breast abide,  
 ' And Pity sure to Virtue is allied,  
 ' To my distress benign attention lend.  
 ' Your acts of rigour for a while suspend,  
 ' Till o'er this bier ('tis Nature's kind relief,)  
 ' I've pour'd my plaints, and paid the rites of grief :  
 ' Ah, he was dearer to this bleeding heart,  
 ' Far dearer than expression can impart.

' Thou who didst place us in this vale of tears,  
 ' Where sorrow blasts the plant that pleasure rears :  
 ' If, as the tenets of our creed require,  
 ' Thy waken'd justice breaths immortal ire ;  
 ' If love, from whence ev'n here misfortunes flow,  
 ' Beyond the grave you curse with endless woe ?  
 ' Ah not o'er A R A B E R T thy vengeance spread !  
 ' On me, on me thy darts of anger shed !  
 ' For I allur'd him far from Virtue's way,  
 ' And led his youthful innocence astray :  
 ' Ah, not in punishment our fate conjoin,  
 ' He shar'd the rapture, but the guilt was mine.'

With

With trembling hand she now the veil withdrew\*,  
 When lo the well-known features struck her view :  
 Absorpt in grief she cast a fond survey—  
 At length her thoughts in murmurs broke away :  
 ‘ That eye—which shed on mine voluptuous light,  
 ‘ Alas, how sunk in everlasting night ?  
 ‘ See from those lips the living colour fled,  
 ‘ Where Love resided, and where Pleasure fed !  
 ‘ And where bright Eloquence had pour’d her store  
 ‘ Dumb Horror sits—and Wisdom is no more :  
 ‘ Yet ere the worm (since this is doom’d its prey)  
 ‘ Shall steal the ling’ring likeness quite away,  
 ‘ On that cold lip sure L E O N O R E may dwell,  
 ‘ And, free from guilt, imprint the long farewell .’  
 She added not—but bending low her head,  
 Three times the mourner kis’d th’ unconscious dead.

Now holy A N S E L M urg’d her to restrain  
 Her boundless grief in rev’rence of the fane .  
 She answer’d, starting from the sable bier,  
 ‘ Can I forget that A R A B E R T was dear !

‘ Can

\* ‘Tis usual to bury the monks of La Trappe in their monastic habit extended on a plank.

' Can I, cold monitor, from hence remove,  
 ' His worth unrival'd, and his lasting love !  
 ' Can I forget, as destitute I lay,  
 ' To sickness, grief, and penury a prey,  
 ' How eagerly he flew at Pity's call,  
 ' Put forth his hand and rais'd me from my fall !  
 ' All unsolicited he gave me wealth,  
 ' He gave me solace, and he gave me health ;  
 ' And, dearer than the bliss those gifts impart,  
 ' He strain'd me to his breast, and gave his heart.

' And shall these hallow'd walls, and awful fane  
 ' Reproach the voice that pours the praiseful strain ?  
 ' Say, at the friend's, the guardian's, lover's tomb,  
 ' Can sorrow sleep, and gratitude be dumb ?  
 ' But I submit—and bend thus meekly low,  
 ' To kiss th' avenging hand that dealt the blow .  
 ' Resign'd I quit the losing path I trod,  
 ' Fall'n is my idol—and I worship G o d .

She ceas'd—the choir intones the fun'r'al song.  
 Which holy echoes plaintively prolong ;  
 And now the solemn organ, tun'd to woe,  
 Pour'd the clear notes pathetically slow :  
 These rites perform'd—along th' extending fane,  
 She now attends the slow-proceeding train ;

Who

Who o'er the mournful cypress-shaded way,  
 To the expecting tomb, the dead convey :  
 See now the priests, the closing act prepare,  
 And to the darksome vault commit their care :  
 'At this dread scene, too feelingly distress'd,  
 She pour'd the last effusions of her breast.  
 ' Come dove-like Peace, to watch this sacred shrine,  
 ' And brood incessant, with a love like mine.'  
 She paus'd—then (o'er the yawning tomb reclin'd)  
 In all the tenderness of grief rejoin'd :  
 ' Oh Beauty's flow'r—oh pleasure ever new—  
 ' Oh Friendship, Love, and Constancy adieu :  
 ' Ye virtues that adorn'd th' unhappy youth,  
 ' Affection, Pity, Confidence, and Truth,  
 ' The gen'rous thoughts that with the feeling dwell,  
 ' And sympathy of heart—farewel, farewel !  
 ' Not all of ARABERT this tomb contains,  
 ' All is not here while LEONORE remains :  
 ' Methinks a voice ev'n animates the clay,  
 ' And in low accents summons me away :  
 ' Haste LEONORE—thy other self rejoin,  
 ' And let thy glowing ashes mix with mine :  
 ' Ah, trust me ARABERT ! to share thy doom,  
 ' Prepar'd, resolv'd, I'll meet thee in the tomb :

Forbear,

‘ Forbear, Oh Heav’n, in pity to these tears,  
 ‘ To curse my sorrow with a length of years.

‘ And when this drooping form shall press the bier,  
 ‘ Say, virtuous A N S E L M, wilt thou not be near ?  
 ‘ The friendly requiem for my soul to crave,  
 ‘ And lay these limbs in this lamented grave ?  
 ‘ Then when this tortur’d heart shall cease to burn,  
 ‘ Our blended dust shall warm the faithful urn :  
 ‘ Nor distant far is that releafing hour,  
 ‘ For Nature now oppress’d beyond her pow’r,  
 ‘ Refigns at length, my troubled soul to rest,  
 ‘ And grief’s last anguish rushes thro’ my breast.’

Behold her now extended on the ground,  
 And see the sacred brethren kneeling round :  
 ‘ Them she addresses in a fault’ring tone,  
 ‘ Say, cannot Death my daring crime atone ;  
 ‘ Ah, let compassion now your heart inspire,  
 ‘ Amid your pray’rs, I unarm’d expire.  
 ‘ Thou who art ev’n in this dread moment dear,  
 ‘ Oh, shade of A R A B E R T, still hover near.  
 ‘ I come.’—

—And now emerging from her woes  
 (‘Twas Love’s last effort) from the earth she rose :

And,

And, strange to tell, with strong affection fraught,  
She headlong plung'd into the gloomy vault :  
And there, what her impulsion'd wish requir'd,  
On the lov'd breast of **ARABERT** expir'd.

To

To \_\_\_\_\_

Written in 1765.

**A**POLLO bids the Muses rove,  
 The lonely path, the silent grove ;  
 He bids the Graces oft resort  
 To festive scenes and splendid court ;  
 Yet will he let the Muse repair  
 To where **C**HA**R****L****O****T****T****E** guards her heir ;  
 Unblam'd the royal babe approach,  
 And strew fresh flow'rets o'er his couch.  
 As on his cheek buds Nature's rose,  
 With Virtue's bud his bosom glows ;  
 Whose foliage opening into day,  
 Shall each *parental* streak display ;  
 And when the coming Spring prevails,  
 With sweets *maternal*, scent the gales.

Your choicest wreaths, ye fairies, bring,  
 To crown the little embrio King ;  
 Behold that hand with gewgaws play,  
 Which shall Britannia's sceptre sway ;

Attentive

Attentive o'er the nurs'ry plain,  
 Behold him range his mimic men ;  
 Unconscious of the future hour,  
 When vested with imperial pow'r,  
 He, hero-like, shall lead his train,  
 To combat on a real plain ;  
 While Victory shall bless the war,  
 And scatter laurels from her car :—

Illustrious babe, tho' deaf to praise,  
 For thee I fram'd these humble lays ;  
 The day will come (but may kind fate  
 Keep back that day 'till very late)  
 When thou, thy much lov'd father's heir,  
 Like him shalt grace the regal chair :  
 Shalt hold, approv'd, th' imperial helm,  
 And bless, like him, a grateful realm,  
 Oh ! then shall praise ring out her peal,  
 And flatt'ry her bright flow'rets deal ;  
 Ah ! if thine eye in future time  
 Should chance to mark this artless rhyme,  
 Thou'l find one of the Muses' train,  
 For thee awak'd his gentle strain ;  
 What time unconscious of the theme,  
 That did unfold thy future fame ;

Thou

Thou could'st not with a simile reward  
The numbers of th' unvenal bard.  
While they who shall these lines peruse,  
If lines like these survive their Muse,  
Shall own, when they look up to you,  
That he was Bard and Prophet too.

**G EPITAPH**

## EPITAPH on Miss JERNINGHAM.

JANUARY 1773.

AH, venerate this hallow'd ground,  
 And mark the infant-virtues round !  
 See Innocence, celestial fair,  
 With childhood, Heav'n's peculiar care :  
 See beauty opening into bloom,  
 Bending o'er this youthful tomb :  
 Behold affection that endears,  
 And wit beyond an infant's years,  
 And constancy (mid mortal pain,  
 Still, still refusing to complain)  
 By sorrow led, a choral band,  
 Fix'd on this sacred spot they stand !  
 And as they view this marble stone,  
 Their little mistress they bemoan.

TO

TO

MR. MASON,

The Day before he published his ENGLISH GARDEN.

YE whom the ray of genius warms,  
Whom fancy moves, and nature charms,  
Dismiss Amusement's idle toy,  
Suspend the joys that know to cloy,  
To higher pleasure dare aspire,  
To-morrow MASON wakes his Lyre.

This Lyre the weeping muses said,  
Was as it lay on MONA's head \*,  
Stol'n by an angel in the night,  
And borne to Heav'n's ethereal height :  
Not so—this Lyre was lately found,  
By Nature in her garden ground,  
Interr'd in flow'rs of rich perfume,  
While FLORA watch'd the fragrant tomb.

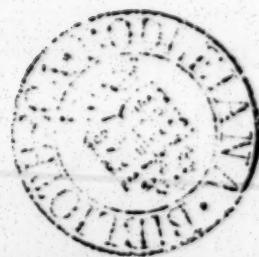
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Bright

\* Alluding to Charactacus.

Bright Nature cast a fond survey,  
Then brush'd the shading flow'rs away :  
With her own wreath the cords entwin'd,  
Then to her bard the shell resign'd,  
And he to favor her desire,  
To-morrow wakes the long-lost Lyre.

WRITTEN



## WRITTEN IN MR. HUME's HISTORY.

BIG with the tales of other years,  
 Here lays th' historic tome ;  
 Which to the pensive mind appears  
 A deep spacious tomb :

Where long embalm'd by CLIO's hand,  
 The patriot and the slave,  
 Who sav'd, and who betray'd the land,  
 Press one extensive grave :

With those that grasp'd th' imperial helm,  
 And trod the path of Pow'r :  
 With those who grac'd fair Learning's realm,  
 And Beauty's fairer bow'r.

If thus th' illustrious close their scene,  
 Oblivion then may laugh :  
 What flows from HUME's immortal pen  
 Is but an Epitaph !

Imitate.

Imitated from the F R E N C H.

STRAYING beside yon wood-skreen'd river,  
 Dan Cupid met my wond'ring view :  
 His feather'd arrows stor'd his quiver,  
 Each feather glow'd a diff'rent hue ;

‘ For him who frames the daring deed,  
 ‘ (The little godhead said and laugh'd)  
 ‘ To fly with Miss beyond the Tweed,  
 ‘ An eagle's plume adorns the shaft.

‘ The prattler vain of his address,  
 ‘ The magpye's feathers never fail ;  
 ‘ And for the youth too fond of dress,  
 ‘ I rob the gaudy peacock's tail.

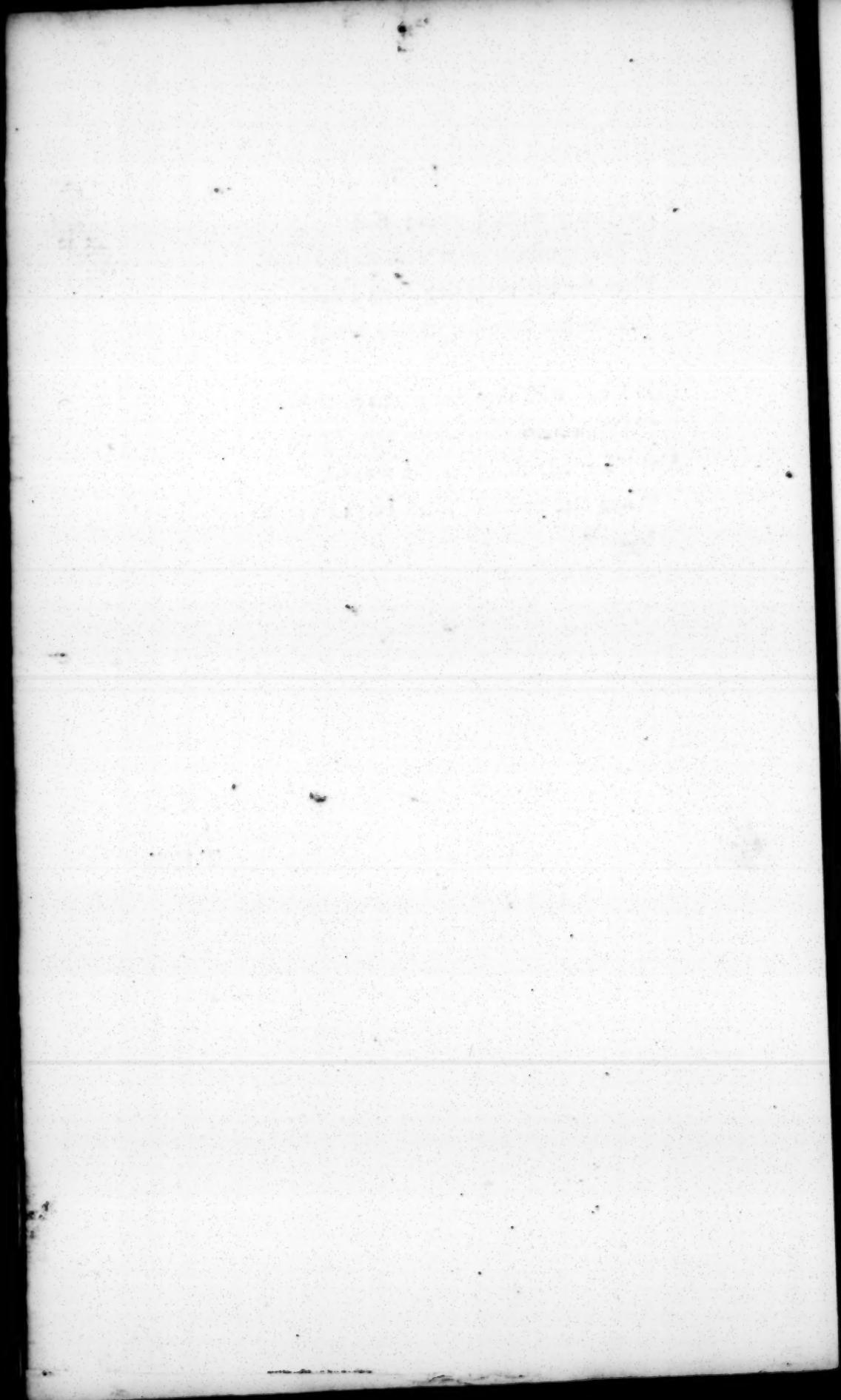
‘ Whene'er I mean to rouse the care  
 ‘ That lurks within the jealous heart,  
 ‘ The owl that wings the midnight air  
 ‘ Lends his grave plume to load the dart.

‘ But

‘ But rarely when I would affail  
‘ The constant heart with truth imprest,  
‘ Then for the trembling shaft I steal  
‘ A feather from the turtle’s breast .

‘ Lo ! one with that soft plumage crown’d,  
‘ Which more than all my arms I prize :  
Alas ! I cried, this gave the wound,  
When late you shot from J U L I A’s eyes.

THE



## T H E

## N U N N E R Y:

In Imitation of Mr. GRAY's ELEGY.

REtirement's hour proclaims the tolling bell:

In due observance of its stern decree,  
Each sacred virgin seeks her lonely cell,  
And leaves the grate to solitude and me.

Now throws the western sun a fainter glare,  
And silence sooths the vestal world to rest,  
Save where some pale-eye'd novice (rapt in pray'r)  
Heaves a deep groan, and smites her guiltless breast.

Save that in artless melancholy strains,  
Some ELOISA, whom soft passion moves,  
Absorpt in sorrow to the night complains,  
For ever bar'd the ABELARD she loves.

Within

Within those ancient walls with moss o'erspread,  
 Where grief and innocence their vigils keep,  
 Each in her humble cell till midnight laid,  
 The gentle daughters of devotion sleep.

Of wantonness the pleasure-breathing lay,  
 Or laughter beck'ning from his rosy seat,  
 Or vanity attir'd in colours gay,  
 Shall ne'er allure them from their sober state.

For them no more domestic joys return,  
 Or tender father plies his wonted care,  
 The nuptial torch for them must never burn,  
 Or prattling infants charm the ling'ring year.

Oft do they weave the chaplets pictur'd gay,  
 To deck the altars, and the shrines around ;  
 How fervent do they chant the pious lay ?  
 How thro' the length'ning ayle the notes resound ?

Let not ambition mock with jest profane,  
 Their life obscure, and destiny severe ;  
 Nor worldly beauty with a sneer disdain  
 The humble duties of the cloister'd fair.

The

The glift'ning eye, the half-seen breast of snow,  
 The coral lip, the bright vermillion bloom,  
 Awaits alike th' inexorable foe ;  
 The paths of pleasure lead but to the tomb.

Perhaps, in this drear mansion are confin'd,  
 Some bosom form'd to love, uns spoil'd by art ;  
 Charms that might soften the severest mind,  
 And wake to extacy the coldest heart.

But pleasure flies them, a forbidden guest,  
 Around whose brow a vernal garland blooms :  
 The clay-cold hand of penance chills their breast,  
 And in reflection's urn their mirth intombs.

Full many a riv'let wand'ring to the main,  
 Sequester'd pours its solitary stream :  
 Full many a lamp devoted to the fane,  
 Sheds unregarded its nocturnal beam.

Some veil'd ELIZA (like the clouded sun)  
 May here reside inglorious and unknown :  
 Some like AUGUSTA might have rear'd a son,  
 To bless a nation, and adorn a throne.

From

From Flatt'ry's lip to drink the sweets of praise,  
 In conscious charms with rivals still to vie ;  
 In circles to attract the partial gaze,  
 And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye,

Their lot forbids : nor does alone remove,  
 The thirst of praise, but ev'n their crimes restrain :  
 Forbids thro' folly's labyrinth to rove,  
 And yield to vanity the flowing rein :

To rear 'mid Hymen's joys domestic strife,  
 Or seek that converse which they ought to shun ;  
 To loose the sacred ties of nuptial life,  
 And give to many what they vow'd to one.

What tho' they're sprinkled with ethereal dew !  
 With blooming wreaths by hands of seraphs crown'd !  
 Tho' heav'n's unfading splendors burst to view,  
 And harps celestial to their ear resound :

Still grateful mem'ry paints the distant friend,  
 Not ev'n the world to their remembrance dies ;  
 Their midnight orisons to heav'n ascend,  
 To stay the bolt descending from the skies.

For

For who entranc'd in visions from above,  
 The thought of kindred razes from the mind ?  
 Feels in the soul no warm returning love,  
 For some endear'd companion left behind ?

Their joy encircled hearth as they forsook,  
 From some fond breast reluctant they withdrew :  
 As from the deck they sent a farewell look,  
 Fair Albion sunk for ever to their view.

For thee who mindful of th' encloister'd train,  
 Dost in these lines their mournful tale relate,  
 If by compassion guided to this fane,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate : '

Haply some matron-vestal may reply,  
 ' Oft have we heard him, when light's ling'ring ray,  
 ' Scarce mark'd its passage thro' the dark'ning sky,  
 ' At yonder altar join the vesper-lay.

‘ Where hapless *Adaleida* sought repose,  
 ‘ Oft at yon grave wou'd he her fate condole ;  
 ‘ And in his breast as scenes of grief arose,  
 ‘ He saw ascending-slow her spotless soul.

‘ *Peace*

' Peace to my EDWARD's heart the vision said,  
 ' Art not unseen thou shed'st that grateful tear,  
 ' I wait at night to catch thy wonted tread,  
 ' And thank thy faithful love that sorrows here.

' One eve I miss'd him at the hour divine,  
 ' Along that ayle and in the sacristy :  
 ' Another came, nor yet beside the shrine,  
 ' Nor at the font, nor in the porch was he.

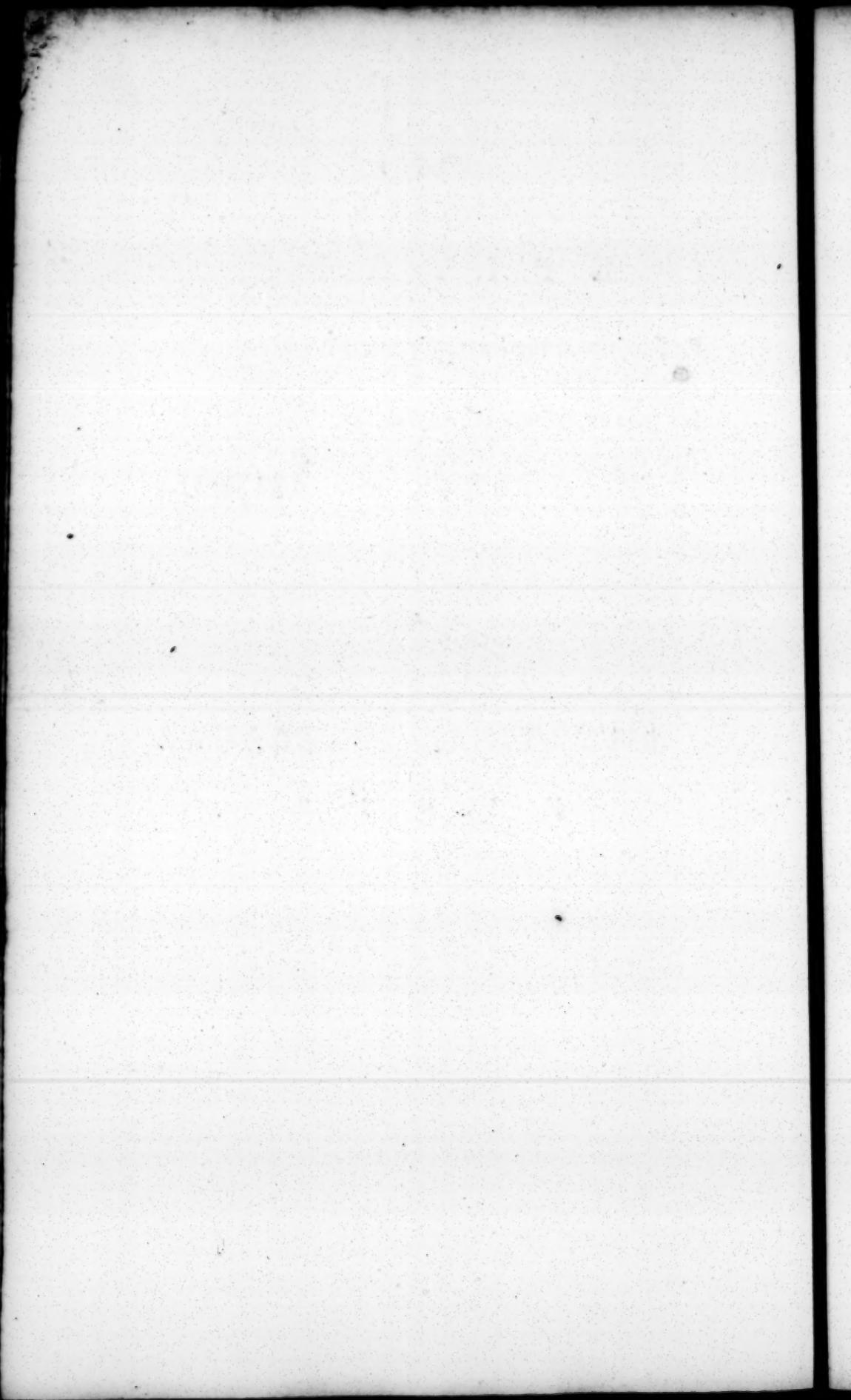
' The next we heard the bell of death intone,  
 ' And in the silent grave we saw him laid,  
 ' Approach and read on this sepulchral stone,  
 ' The lines engrav'd to soothe his hov'ring shade :

EPITAPH.

## E P I T A P H.

By Fate's rude hand untimely snatch'd away,  
A youth unknown to fame these vaults infold,  
He gave to Solitude the pensive day,  
And Pity fram'd his bosom of her mould.

F I N I S.



**MARGARET OF ANJOU,**

**AN**

**HISTORICAL INTERLUDE.**

**H**

МАРИЯ МАРИЯ

ИА

МАРИЯ МАРИЯ

## ADVERTISEM E N T.

THIS historical Interlude is form'd upon the same plan that Rousseau composed his *Pygmalion*, which is a new species of dramatic Entertainment, consisting of a Monologue that is often suspended by the interposition of music, which must sympathise with the passions and feelings of the personage who is supposed to speak.

The following little drama was perform'd by Miss YOUNG on her benefit night, and received from that celebrated actress all the spirit and colouring that excellency of acting can give. The music (the composition of Mr. HOOK) was happily adapted to the tendency of the poem.

The subject is taken from a remarkable incident in the life of MARGARET. That unfortunate QUEEN

flying with her son ' into a forest after the Battle of  
 ' Hexham saw a robber approach with his naked  
 ' sword, and finding that she had no means of escape,  
 ' she suddenly embrac'd the resolution of trusting en-  
 ' tirely for protection to his generosity. The man,  
 ' whose humanity and generous spirit had been ob-  
 ' scured, not entirely lost by his vicious course of life,  
 ' was struck with the singularity of the event, and  
 ' charmed with the confidence reposed in him, and he  
 ' vow'd not only to abstain from all injury against the  
 ' Queen, but to devote himself intirely to her safety  
 ' and protection.'

HUME, CHAP. XXII.

N. B. The Asterisks mark the pauses that admitted  
 the music.

MARGARET

(Act the 3<sup>d</sup>)**M A R G A R E T T O F A N J O U,**

I have placed before you what you will

**A N I N T E R L U D E.**

(Until next week)

*Enter MARGARET with her Son.*

**T**HE fierce pursuers will not here perchance  
 Discover us : the thick-inwoven umbrage  
 Of these gigantic trees will spread concealment.  
 Yet as their solemn branches wave, strange fear  
 Possesses me : yet all is still as night.  
 No thund'ring tread of horsemen arm'd, no quick  
 Approaching footsteps rush upon my ear.  
 The shouts of rebel victory are lost  
 And fade away, ere they can pierce these shades :  
 Ah what a victory ! He whose meek sway  
 Solicited his people's grateful love,  
 My HENRY ! England's monarch fail'd, and at  
 The dying groan of stern Defeat, that panted  
 Still for conquest, he too sure expir'd :  
 While I, a wretched outcast of the throne,  
 Rove desolate amid these savage walks,  
 Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry hope bereft :

To

(To her Child)

But thou, my **EDWARD**, still art mine **John** ! A  
 Thy weary limbs on yonder bank, and I  
 Will watch beside thee.

(Leads him to a Bank)



He sleeps unconscious of the dire distress  
 That hovers o'er his head, kind Ignorance  
 That drops her veil before his infant eyes :  
 Yet as he blossoms into youth, the hand  
 Of Time with-drawing back the veil, shall for  
 The radiant prospect he this morn was heir to  
 Shall offer to his view a throne o'erturn'd  
 And floating in the blood of all his friends :  
 Ah what a fight ! it urges me to madness,



Yet all that Courage cou'd effect was done :  
 When wild Diffusion her torn banners rear'd,  
 Which insolently wav'd o'er **HENRY**'s head  
 While he beneath their shade a captive stood,  
 I, feeble agent, hurried to the field,  
 And at that moment losing all the fears

That

That haunt the female breast, I call'd to Loyalty  
 To snatch my HENRY from Rebellion's arm :  
 The valiant troops who then encircled me  
 On Wakefield's day perform'd their duty well,  
 And on St. Alban's memorable plain  
 I saw defeated WARWICK wing his flight  
 And rescued HENRY hasten to these arms.



Yet what avail these momentary triumphs !  
 Ev'n while I speak perchance my HENRY lies  
 Extended on the plain, deform'd with wounds,  
 While o'er his sacred corse the hostile band  
 Irreverently pass, and with vile taunts  
 Upbraid his overthrow : nor was I present  
 To solace his last moments, catch the accents  
 Of his departing voice, and close his fading eyes.



Th' illustrious youth on whose bright armour gleam'd  
 The morning sun ! of all that valiant train  
 Not one remains to guard yon helpless innocent.  
 —Darkness spreads : cold descending night-sir chills  
 My bosom, while a murmur'ring noise that tells

The

The coming storm, sounds thro' the conscious branches  
Of this wood : Ah where shall I betake me !

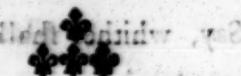
(Walking in a distracted manner)

If at some hamlet-door I knock, will not  
These robes betray me ! and the sum that's set  
Upon that Infant's head, ah will it not  
Invite the simple cottager to treachery !  
Yet here to brave the stern inclement sky,  
With all the horrors of descending night,  
My trembling heart refuses—I will lead  
Him hence, vain thought : Ah, to what stranger heart  
Dare I confide my son ? Should he be torn  
From these weak arms, yes, well, too well I know,  
This anxious heart wou'd at that moment burst.

The Pow'r above who sees into the depth  
Of my great sorrow, knows that not to pride,  
That not to ~~Exaltation's~~ gaudy honours  
I e'er entrusted my felicity :  
Amid the rude misfortunes that encircled me  
The pulse of Pleasure throbb'd within my breast  
When I embrac'd my son : of this bereft  
Calamity's sharp fangs will tear my heart-strings.

Ye cruel ruffians give me back my son:  
 Ah me! wild fear foreruns my loss, and joins  
 - The future moment to the present time.

PERIODAM



(Kneeling) JOHN  
 Oh thou, all-seeing Providence, if e'er  
 The scenes on earth attract thy sacred notice!  
 Then, let thy knowing clear-discriminating eye,  
 Whence radiant Pity beams, o'er my misfortune  
 Pause—And, thus humbly as I bend resign'd,  
 Let not my falling ruinous state, while it  
 O'erwhelms the mother, crush the child.



(Rising)

The night encreases, I must wake my son.

(Hanging fondly over him)

How sleep possesses him!—Perhaps this slumber  
 Is doom'd his last—perhaps—what do I see  
 Streach'd on a bier, methinks I see him gash'd  
 With daggers—Ah, 'twas fancy bodied forth  
 This cruel image, still my EDWARD breathes,  
 And these fond arms embrace my living child.

PRINCE.

PRINCE.

Oh mother lead me hence—

MARGARET.

Say, whither shall

I lead my EDWARD ?

PRINCE.

Lead me to my Father !

Why do you weep ? Ah wherefore not reply ?

Say, is my father slain ?

MARGARET.

I know not that.

PRINCE.

Whence was that noise ?

MARGARET.

It was the chiding gale :

Ah no, it is the sound of hostile steps.

(Enter Robber.)

ROBBER.

Who e'er thou art, I see thou'rt in distress,  
I too am well acquainted with Misfortune,  
And greater still than thine, for at my door  
Pale Famine sits, while starving children send

A mournful

A mournful peal: if ought thou hast conceal'd

Within this wood, give me the hoarded treasure.

**MARGARET.**

Ah here is all my treasure.

(Pointing to her child)

**ROBBERT.**

Trifle not,

Give me thy treasure, or I'll slay thy child.

**MARGARET.**

Arrest that impious arm, He is thy Prince!

Talk not of want, of Misery's scourging hand

Complain no more, in me, in me behold

Distressful MARGARET, England's vanquish'd Queen!

And all the treasure left her from the field,

The cruel havock of this morning's fight,

Is center'd in this Child.

**ROBBERT.**

Thanks to my God

I'm not so lost in vice, so deep-ingulph'd

In woe, but that my Sovereign's distress

Obliterates my own: forgive the bold,

(Kneeling)

The savage mode in which I first accosted thee,

And

And in atonement for my crime accept,  
 Deign to accept what now my duty offers,  
 I'll lead thee thro' some dark and winding pathway  
 Of this wild forest to a neighboring river,  
 Where rides a Bark, whose canals courts the gales  
 That fly to France: where thou, unhappy Queen,  
 May'st find a safe retreat from the wild dangers  
 That surround thee.

## MARGARET.

Rise, wife, I dare confide  
 Myself and my lov'd child to your protection; let me  
 Lead on: amid the horrors of this hour,  
 Rest of a Crown, a Husband, ev'ry Friend,  
 Amid this mighty ruin, Edward lives,  
 And wretched MARGARET still shall be a Mother. In  
 This godlike deed of thine, thou gen'rous man, and on  
 From out the wond'rous story of this day  
 Shall shine to latest time, the most illustrious.

## FOR

## FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON:

UPON

D R E A M S.

NOVEMBER 1777.

## I.

AS Echo's voice returns the pleasing lay,  
 So is a Dream the Echo of the day:  
 The busy thoughts that round some object teem  
 Oft join in sleep to form the nightly theme,  
 Then bright-ey'd Fancy lifts her magic wand  
 While scenes unreal rise at her command:  
 Then Comedy, with all her laughing train  
 Straight issues from the porch of Comus' fane,  
 And bringing with her all her pleasing wiles,  
 Her pranks, her gambols, and her winning similes,  
 She bids her merry troop approach the bed  
 And beat their airy dance round ANSTY's head.

Still

## II.

Still when some chosen fair commands the heart  
 Gay Fancy acts at night her mimic part :  
 With skilful hand she decks the living scene  
 And ushers to the view the bosom's Queen.  
 Ye lovers answer to the truth I sing ;  
 Say, does not Fancy to your slumber bring,  
 Dress'd by each grace in Beauty's best array,  
 The welcome fair who charm'd you thro' the day !  
 Does not her form return to glad the sight,  
 Like Cynthia bursting thro' the cloud of night !  
 How pleas'd each well-known feature we descry,  
 That look of sense—that eloquence of eye—  
 She speaks—her words beyond vain Music's art  
 Steal on our slumber and enchant the heart.

## III.

Sometimes a dream anticipates the date,  
 Comes as a prophet to reveal our fate :  
 And thus, ere YORICK sunk into the tomb,  
 The Priest of sentiment foresaw his doom :  
 'Twas night—his solitary couch he press'd,  
 Till sorrow-worn he wearied into rest ;  
 ELIZA then soft gliding on his view,  
 Thus o'er his slumber breath'd her sad adieu :

' Oh

' Oh thou my guardian, confident, and friend,  
 ' To what thy hand-maid now reveals attend :  
 ' No longer now the gift of Health implore,  
 ' The curtain drops, and thy short scene is o'er ;  
 ' Yet ere thy feeling spirit takes its flight,  
 ' Yet ere I'm robb'd of (all my bliss) thy sight,  
 ' Some fond endearment to ELIZA shew,  
 ' And thy last blessing on thy Child bestow.'

The vision ceas'd—yet then the shawl she spread\*  
 To raise compassionate his drooping head,  
 And (from her eyes as beads of sorrow fell)  
 Low on her knees receiv'd his last farewell.

## IV.

Oft playful Fancy sheds a brighter beam,  
 And prompts the splendid allegoric dream :  
 Thus late while Sleep my closing eyelids seal'd  
 This visionary scene she then reveal'd :  
 Methought, encompas'd by a brilliant train,  
 I reach'd the steps of bright Minerva's fane ;  
 Full in the midst a mystic vase I view'd,  
 Round which the Muses new-blown flow'rets strew'd :  
 Arm'd with the lyre I saw a youthful band  
 Who wak'd the sounding chords, with skilful hand :

Unnumber'd

\* See the Letters to Eliza.

Unnumber'd beauties silent stood around,  
 Who grac'd as softer priests the hallow'd ground :  
 There Virtue wore her most attractive mien,  
 And in the form of MARLBOROUGH was seen.  
 The Graces, skill'd the cultur'd mind to win,  
 Knock'd at the door, and BAMFYLDE let them in.  
 This visionary scene by Fancy bred,  
 Remov'd, and thro' the gates of Morning fled.  
 I care not that the vision sought the skies  
 While MILLER's dome Minerva's fane supplies :  
 Ye Youths ! ye Fair, accept the verse that's due,  
 The splendid Dream is realized in you.

ALBINA.

## A L B I N A.

WOU'D genius to my fond demand  
 My earnest bold request bestow,  
 A vivid pencil to this hand,  
 Dipt in the brilliant vernal bow :

How eager wou'd I then engage  
 (With faithful and unerring aim)  
 To paint on the poetic page  
 ALBINA's elegance of frame !

Her tresses—dark with auburn hue :  
 Her brow serene—young Candour's throne :  
 Her timid eye—whose languid blue  
 Sheds charms peculiarly its own.

Her cheek—that wears a lively glow :  
 Not after the fresh morning show'r  
 Can Italy's rich summer shew,  
 On all her banks so bright a flow'r.

I

Her

Her cherry lip—inviting bliss,  
 Where Love deliciously reposeſ,  
 Accompanied by many a kiss  
 On fragrant leaves of breathing roses.

Yet who can paint her beauteous mind?  
 There Innocence has fix'd her seat;  
 There easy wit, and taste refin'd,  
 And ſentiment and knowledge meet.

Love, who oft whelms the fair in woe,  
 Soon robb'd her guileleſs mind of reſt:  
 Affection's flame diſſolved the ſnow  
 That lodg'd within her ſpotleſs breast.

As ſtill the Eaſt the morn-beaſins ſtreak  
 And gild the portal of the Day,  
 So did her morning thought ſtill break  
 On the ſame Youth with Ardour's ray:

As the laſt glimm'ring of the ſky  
 Paufe on the lake, ere they expire,  
 Each night her thought (as cloſ'd her eye)  
 Died on the Youth of her deſire.

The

The nuptials eager to profane  
 The bold unfeeling treach'rous Youth,  
 Led the chaste Maiden to the fane  
 With all the mockery of Truth.

There a domestic in disguise  
 The office of a priest supplied ;  
 While the deceiver, led by Vice,  
 Religion's dread reproach defied.

Hypocrisy with down-cast air,  
 Profaneness with an atheist eye,  
 And Lust with a malignant leer,  
 Remark'd the mock-connubial tie.

No sooner had the youth prevail'd,  
 Successful in his impious aim,  
 He left the drooping fair assai'd  
 By Grief, by Infamy, and Shame.

'Twas then the beauteous mourner woo'd  
 Meek Quiet in her lonely seat,  
 Where Competency watchful strew'd  
 Her sober treasures at her feet.

I'll not the little pathway tell  
 That winds to thy sequester'd scene;  
 Where Virtue loves with thee to dwell,  
 Remote—unseeing and unseen.

Where Resignation takes her stand,  
 Prompt to perform her friendly part,  
 And gathers with a trembling hand,  
 The Fragments of a Broken Heart.

An English officer in the late war being taken prisoner by the French Indians, became the slave of an old Indian chief, who treated him with humanity. One day the Indian took the Officer up a hill, and address'd him as follows.

See the Anecdotes of Literature, vol. 5th.

**T H E**

**I N D I A N C H I E F.**

• **T**WELVE tedious moons haft thou my captive been,  
 • I've taught thee how to build the swift canoe,  
 • To chace the boar, prepare the beaver's skin,  
 • To speed the shaft, and scalp the shrieking foe.

‘ Say, does thy Father sleep within his grave?’—  
 ‘ Oh Heav'n forbid, the feeling youth replied!—  
 ‘ Then do his sorrow's all my pity crave,’  
 The chief return'd—‘ 'Twere better he had died.

‘ I was a Father once—oh valiant Son!  
 ‘ Thy loss each low'ring morn and eve recall.  
 ‘ To shield my years, to Danger's path he run;  
 ‘ These eyes beheld the gallant warrior fall:

‘ And

‘ And Glory saw him fall with wounds o’erspread,  
 ‘ Bold on his bosom ev’ry wound he bore :  
 ‘ I rent the forelock from his murderer’s head,  
 ‘ And left him breathless on the crimson shore.

‘ Since that sad day my hours no pleasure share’—  
 The Indian chief now paus’d with sorrow fraught,  
 Wrapt in the awful silence of despair ;  
 At length in words he cloath’d his mournful thought.

‘ Behold that sun ! how bright it shines to you !  
 ‘ Since that sad day to me it looks a cloud :  
 ‘ How gay yon blooming roses meet your view !  
 ‘ To me Grief drops o’er Nature’s breast a shroud.

‘ Go virtuous stranger, to thy Father go,  
 ‘ Wipe from his furrow’d cheek Misfortune’s tear :  
 ‘ Go, bid the sun to him his splendor shew,  
 ‘ And bid the flow’r in all her bloom appear.’

## ON SEEING

## MRS. MONTAGU'S PICTURE.

HAD this fair form the mimic art displays  
Adorn'd in Roman time the brightest days,  
In ev'ry dome, in ev'ry sacred place  
Her statue wou'd have breath'd an added grace,  
And on its basis would have been enroll'd  
*This is Minerva cast in Virtue's mould.*

INSCRIPTION

## I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR

A R E E D-H O U S E.\*

Say, if to shun the noisy day,  
 The summer sun's oppressive ray,  
 Thou visit'st Contemplation's cell,  
 Here tarry—she'll repay thee well:  
 For she can bid each passion cease  
 And soothe the troubled heart to peace,  
 Can to thy sober wishes yield  
 Contentment's flow'r and wisdom's  
 shield.

\* At *Coffy*, the Seat of Sir WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.

THE

## THE

## VENETIAN MARRIAGE.

THE western sun's expiring ray  
 To VENICE gave a milder day ;  
 Till by degrees the ling'ring light  
 Hung trembling on the verge of night.  
 CAMILLA then, with fearful soul,  
 To th' Adriatic margin stole,  
 Where in a bark, at Love's command,  
 PLACENTIO took his faithful stand,  
 Possessing now his future bride,  
 He bade the bark securely glide,  
 Which far unlike that galley show'd  
 That down the silver Cydnus row'd,  
 Beneath whose purple sails were seen,  
 Proud Ostentation's gaudy Queen,

Who

Who sure of conquest, vain of mind,  
 All languishingly lay reclined !  
 Here Beauty undefil'd by art,  
 Whose bosom own'd a tender heart,  
 Beneath the sails from home remov'd  
 And trusted to the man she lov'd.

A soothing calmness lull'd the deep,  
 And hush'd each wavy surge to sleep :  
 The air along the sultry day,  
 Scorch'd by the summer's fervent ray,  
 Was freshen'd by a recent show'r  
 While Silence solemniz'd the hour.

The still solemnity impress'd  
 With awful thoughts **CAMILLA**'s breast,  
 For now by prompting Love impell'd,  
 Now by Timidity withheld,  
 The words which to pronounce she tried,  
 Recoil'd, and unaccented died.  
**PLACENTIO** too alike subdued,  
 They sail'd along in silent mood,  
 And stillness reigned from shore to shore,  
 Unbroke—— but by the dashing oar.

At length the fair dissolv'd the charm—

‘ Ah, wonder not I feel alarm :  
 ‘ Confiding in thy love I came,  
 ‘ And risk'd for thee my virgin fame :  
 ‘ Ah tell me to what place we sail,  
 ‘ For in my bosom fears prevail :  
 ‘ Yet answer not this idle fear,  
 ‘ Where'er thou art bright Honour's there.’

‘ The plan I form, the youth replied,  
 ‘ To Innocence is close allied,  
 ‘ And fearful of thy virgin fame  
 ‘ As of her babe the tender dame.  
 ‘ These waves that wander to the sea  
 ‘ Wash in their pilgrimage a tree,  
 ‘ Which spreads its lowly branches wide,  
 ‘ And dips them in the passing tide :  
 ‘ There, in a shed compos'd of reeds,  
 ‘ An aged hermit tells his beads :  
 ‘ He, gen'rous sage, will join our hands  
 ‘ In wedlock's unremitting bands.  
 ‘ Then to **VALCLUSA** we'll repair,  
 ‘ Where **LAURA**'s soul informs the air :

‘ Where

• Where PETRARCH's spirit hovers round,  
 • The guardian of the sacred ground,  
 • Forbidding still the fiend of art,  
 • That shrewd perverter of the heart,  
 • The snake, Inconstancy, to rove  
 • Within the paradise of Love.

• As when chill Winter quits the land,  
 • The snow-drop does her leaves expand,  
 • So may chill fears yourt breast release,  
 • Till gently it expands to peace,  
 • Mild as these twilight breezes blow,  
 • Soft as the waves on which we flow.'

• Ye walls where first I drew the air,  
 • Return'd (assur'd) the beauteous fair;  
 • Ye turrets which but dimly seen  
 • Encrease the terror of the scene !  
 • Ye stately tow'r's ! and rising spires !  
 • From you CAMILLA now retires.  
 • Thou tomb whose pious urn contains  
 • My sacred Parents' cold remains :  
 • Ye partners of my tender years,  
 • Whom you hſful sympathy endears :

• Ye

‘ Ye joys that crown my native coast,  
 ‘ Well for PLACENTIO all are lost.’

She ceas’d—and on her pensive soul  
 Again an awful musing stole  
 Such as the twilight scene excites,  
 Such as the feeling heart delights ;  
 For as the coy nocturnal flow’r\*  
 No more its sweets at eve withholds,  
 So the meek heart at th’ evening hour  
 Its sensibility un’olds.

See now they reach the sacred cell  
 Where Wisdom, Peace, and Virtue dwell :  
 There, bent beneath the weight of age,  
 They find prepar’d th’ expecting sage.  
 He hail’d them in a friendly tone,  
 And bade them call his cell their own :  
 Where rose an altar form’d of moss,  
 Crown’d with a simple wooden cross !  
 There too a taper, mildly bright,  
 Supplied a pompous glare of light :

No

\* The night-smelling Geranium.

No holy relick rich-enchas'd  
 This humble low-roof'd temple grac'd.  
 But flow'rets from the neighb'ring wood,  
 The unambitious altar strew'd:  
 For incense they exhal'd perfume,  
 For ornament they gave their bloom.

The hermit spoke—‘ Hail virtuous pair,  
 ‘ May sorrow now your bosom spare:  
 ‘ Tho' youth be yours, yet well I know  
 ‘ You've tasted deep of human woe!  
 ‘ Control, and Art, and Baseness join'd,  
 ‘ To cancel what your hearts design'd:  
 ‘ But now Misfortune's reign is o'er,  
 ‘ And Pleasure opens all her store.’

See now the youthful pair unite,  
 To meet the hymeneal rite:  
 Pronouncing as they lowly bow,  
 Warm from the heart, the hallow'd vow:  
 At length the hermit joins their hands  
 In willing and unvenal bands,  
 Unspotted bands! which mutual Love,  
 And Confidence and Virtue wove.

## THE

## MEXICAN FRIENDS.\*

SEE to the fane HISPANIA's troops repair,  
 Whose high ascending tow'rs are lost in air.  
 From whence the MEXICANS with speedy art  
 Show'r on the foe the death-inflicting dart :  
 Yet then by CORTEZ led, still undismay'd,  
 The SPANIARD host the lofty fane invade.  
 Two valiant youths (whom Friendship's holy hand  
 Had join'd with her indissoluble band)  
 Beheld indignant, finit with patriot grief,  
 The great achievements of the hostile chief:

And

\* The sublime instance of heroic friendship that forms the subject of this poem, is recorded by ANTONIO DE SOLIS in his History of the Conquest of Mexico. This is an Episode of a more extensive poem, and being the part that was the most favourably receiv'd, I am not unwilling to sacrifice a few pages for the sake of rendering my poetical offerings more acceptable to the public.

And now JANELLAN thus accosts his friend:

- ‘ Firm to no purpose, active to no end,
- ‘ See from our gallant men yon hallow’d tow’r
- ‘ Already ravish’d by th’ invading pow’r :
- ‘ Must this, committed to our mutual care,
- ‘ The same defeat, the same dishonour share?
- ‘ If so——the victor shall not long survive——
- ‘ A thought that bids my fading hope revive:
- ‘ A thought—that like the thunder-flash of night
- ‘ Darts on my darken’d mind a radiant light——
- ‘ But ere my veil’d desigment I unfold,
- ‘ Declare, however rash, however bold,
- ‘ Thou’lt not o’ershade with Caution’s chill controul,
- ‘ The warm, the splendid purpose of my soul.’

VENZULA to his breast his hand applied,  
And thus beyond the pow’r of words replied.

- ‘ The youth resum’d—‘ From this aerial height,
- ‘ Bid thy bold vision take its deepest flight,
- ‘ Down to yon rock, far stretching o’er the shore,
- ‘ ‘Gainst which the raging waves incessant roar,
- ‘ Whose clashing voices into stillness fade,
- ‘ Ere this tremendous distance they pervade:

‘ If

' If Fortune bless what my proud counsels urge !  
 ' Yon waves shall murmur soon the victor's dirge !  
 ' My secret project I will now unveil :  
 ' Should CORTEZ o'er this valiant band prevail,  
 ' Should thro' controulment, and thro' stubborn force,  
 ' Pour like a torrent his destructive course,  
 ' When on this summit first he shall appear,  
 ' I will advance, with well-dissembled fear,  
 ' And, suppliant as I kneel to win his grace,  
 ' I'll dauntless lock him in a stern embrace,  
 ' Bear him reluctant to yon giddy steep,  
 ' Where yawns a dreadful opening to the deep,  
 ' And thence—self-ruin'd for my country's good,  
 ' Plunge with her foe into the whelming flood !'

VENZULA answered—‘ Yes, I much admire  
 ‘ What now thy matchless virtue dares inspire :  
 ‘ But wilt thou, with an avarice of fame,  
 ‘ The meed of Glory all exclusive claim ?  
 ‘ Wilt thou to perils close to Death adjoin'd  
 ‘ Advance, and leave thy faithful Friend behind ?  
 ‘ In infancy we shar'd the glitt'ring toys,  
 ‘ And in one circle play'd our harmless joys :

' And when we quitted Childhood's lowly vale,  
 ' Where springing flow'rets scent the playful gale,  
 ' Still hand in hand we climb'd youth's arduous height,  
 ' Whence greater scenes expanded on the sight,  
 ' Still our pursuits consenting to one plan,  
 ' Like wedded streams our lives united ran:  
 ' And wilt thou now oppose the sacred tide,  
 ' And bid the friendly waves disparting glide?

JANELLAN spoke—‘ Endearing youth forgive :

‘ The conq’ror of some future CORTEZ live!  
 ‘ Nor mark my fall with Grief’s dejected brow,  
 ‘ View from my death the bright effects that flow :  
 ‘ Behold the tomb that Gratitude shall raise,  
 ‘ Illustrious signal of my Country’s praise.’

To this the brave VENZULA made reply,  
And as he spoke tears started from his eye :

‘ What tho’ Felicity thy gift shall stream  
 ‘ Sunlike o’er MEXICO with brightest beam,  
 ‘ Not all the splendour that her rays impart,  
 ‘ Will e’er illumine my benighted heart,  
 ‘ When destitute of thee, its only ray,  
 ‘ Without the hope of kind returning day.

‘ Yet

' Yet then to this great argument adjoin'd  
 ' Sublimer motives urge my steady mind :  
 ' Recall, recall that joy-diffusing hour,  
 ' When gay Prosperity adorn my bow'r,  
 ' As thy fair sister, half afraid to speak,  
 ' With down-cast look, and blush-embellish'd cheek  
 ' At Love's request assented to be mine :  
 ' Of fleeting blis's vain momentary shine :  
 ' For she, in flow'r of Youth and Virtue's bloom,  
 ' Was swept untimely to the rav'nous tomb :  
 ' As sorrow-wounded o'er her couch I hung,  
 ' To catch the tones that faded as they sprung,  
 ' *The God, she said, now summons me away,*  
 ' Far from the confines of th' endearing day :  
 ' *Thou of the life I lose the dearest part,*  
 ' Thou chosen spouse ! thou sun-beam of my heart,  
 ' Say, by Affection's glowing hand impress'd,  
 ' Shall I not live in thy recording breast ?  
 ' If sacred be the suff'rer's last desires,  
 ' Revere what now my parting soul requires :  
 ' I leave a brother, by bright Honour rear'd,  
 ' By all approv'd, and much to me endear'd :  
 ' Be, for the sister's love, the brother's Friend ;  
 ' Nor from his side depart when storms descend :

- *The palm of Glory waving in your sight,*
- *In council, peril, enterprise unite.*
  
- *Shall I, when danger calls, confign to air*
- *The last bequeathing wishes of the fair?*
- *Perdition catch the base unmanly thought!*
- *By Love's subliming purest dictates taught*
- *Amid the perils that around thee wait,*
- *View me resolv'd to share th' impending fate?*
- *Now to this spot the foe impels the war,*
- *Discordance screams, opposing lances jar:*
- *The steep ascent, lo! CORTEZ now has gain'd,*
- *Ah, mark his spear with streaming gore disdain'd.*

Th' illustrious youths now act their dread design,  
 See at the victor's knee they low incline !  
 Now clasp with circling force th' incautious foe,  
 And close adhering to his figure grow :  
 Their deadly aim his better fate controll'd,  
 With matchless pow'r he bursts their stubborn hold :  
 The heroes, blasted in their bold intent,  
 Approach'd (Death hov'ring near) the dire descent :  
 Then, in each other's circling arms compress'd,  
 The last and dear farewell in sighs express'd :

'Twas

[ 433 ]

'Twas Friendship burning with meridian flame,  
One cause—one thought—one ruin—and one fame—  
Tremendous moment ! See, they fall from light,  
And dauntless rush to never ending night !

Ye self-devoted patriot victims, hail !  
Oblivion's gulph shall ne'er entomb your tale :  
While History to Time's extremest goal  
Her stream majestic shall thro' ages roll,  
Like two fair flow'rets on one stem that blow  
Ye on her margin shall for ever glow.

TO

TO THE

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

AUGUST 7th.

RECLIN'D beneath thy shade, Blackheath !  
From politics and strife apart ;  
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath,  
And virtue smiling at his heart :

Will CHESTERFIELD the muse allow  
To break upon his still retreat ?  
To view if health still smooths his brow,  
And prints his grove with willing feet ?

'Twas

'Twas this awak'd the present theme,  
 And bade it reach thy distant ear ;  
 Where if no rays of genius beam,  
 Sincerity at least is there.

May pale disease fly far aloof,  
 O'er venal domes its flag display ;  
 And health beneath thy peaceful roof  
 Add lustre to thy evening ray.

If this my fervent wish be crown'd,  
 I'll dress with flow'rs the godhead's shrine :—  
 Nor thou with Wisdom's chaplet bound,  
 At any absent gift repine.

What tho' thou dost not grace a throne,  
 While subjects bend the supple knee ;  
 No other king the Muses own,  
 And science lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' deafnes by a doom severe  
 Steals from thy ear the murmur'ring rill ;  
 Or Philomel's delightful air,  
 Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

Ah!

**Ah ! if anew thine ear was strung,**

**Awake to ev'ry voice around ?**

**Thy praises by the many sung,**

**Wou'd stun thee with the choral sound !—**

**G A R-**

## G A R R I C K.

OH hallow'd censer form'd by magic pow'r,  
 To waft the incense of bright Avon's flow'r,  
 When from the stage (great SHAKSPEAR's altar) roll  
 Rich clouds of Fragrance that entrance the soul.  
 Those clouds of Fragrance now no more are seen,  
 No more the votaries throng the sacred scene ;  
 The dumb surprise that solemniz'd the fane,  
 The glowing pulse that throb'd in ev'ry vein,  
 Terror that wildly trod the tragic plain,  
 And bashful Love that show'd his silken chain,  
 Compassion too the Drama's hollow'd priest,  
 And all the pomp of SHAKSPEAR's rites, are ceas'd.

The forms that issued from his mind's vast store,  
 The treasury of Nature, are no more :  
 Ambition—prompt to seize th' imperial reins,  
 Who Hospitality's pure rite profanes,  
 And views (as wildly his strain'd eye-balls glare)  
 The fatal dagger trav'ling thro' the air :

Affec-

Affection—who half-daring, half-dismay'd,  
 Pursues with anxious steps a Father's shade :  
 As th' awful form stalks sullenly along  
 Dread Expectation chills the circling throng :

Proud Cruelty—beside a languid lamp,  
 Who 'mid the stillness of the slumb'ring camp,  
 Amid the terrors of the lonesome night,  
 Sits deeply musing on the morrow's fight :  
 Till worn with thought, with many a care opprest,  
 He drops the world, and wearies into rest :  
 In vain—Remorse now bids her scorpions roll  
 In horrid volumes round his tortur'd soul.

Old age—who banish'd from his native throne,  
 Forc'd from the door so lately call'd his own,  
 Stands mutt'ring to the foul and midnight air  
 (In beggar'd robes) the accents of Despair :  
 Unreverenc'd, shun'd, rejected, and revil'd,  
 Stung at the mockery of an impious child,  
 And while the big tears trickle from his eyes,  
*I gave you all*, the generous Father cries,  
*Let the fierce spirit of the tempest shed*  
*The raging torrent on this hoary head ;*

*The*

*The worst is past, let the loud thunder burst,  
The drooping Sire is by a Daughter curst.*

'These were the scenes late held to BRITAIN'S view,  
On which she gaz'd with transport ever new :  
Endearing scenes ! Ah never to return,  
While Genius sorrows o'er a GARRICK's urn.

L

For

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON.

## DISSIPATION.

## I.

IF Hope, the friend of Man, extend a ray  
 Along the sky of some far distant day ;  
 Gay Dissipation boasts a friendlier power,  
 She breaks the gloom that dims the present hour !  
 E'en painter like she takes her ready stand,  
 A radiant pencil decks her skilful hand,  
 And with the colours of her magic art,  
 She gilds the cloud that settles on the heart.

## II.

This Proteus often takes a different frame :  
 To Heroes she assumes the shape of Fame ;

To

To suckling Bards she rolls the river Cain ;  
To Dowagers she takes the form of Pam.

## III.

Could CELIA long endure a country life ;  
The prim false-breeding of th' attorney's wife ;  
The parson's pun ; the husband's duller joke ;  
The solitary walk ; the raven's croak ;  
Did not the Goddefs act the Prophet's part,  
And to her mournful votary impart  
The wish'd-for blessings that are doom'd to crown  
The cheerful hours that glide within the town,  
And paint young Pleasure's gayly vested train  
With all the conquests of the next campaign ?  
And e'en in town could she endure the weight  
Of the long after-dinner tête-à-tête,  
Did not the Goddefs to her mind recal  
Th' approaching splendors of the evening ball ?

## IV.

Behold, encircled with affliction's gloom,  
BELINDA watches at her husband's tomb ;  
Beneath th' oppressive weight of grief she bends,  
Like the pale lily when the rain descends :

But Dissipation, with her soothing aid,  
 Forbids the beauteous drooping flow'r to fade.  
 The Fair intends, in proof of her distress,  
 To wear the mourning of the days of Bess !  
 But in obedience to the present court,  
 Kind Dissipation bids her wear *the short*.  
 At her command while tears bedew her cheeks,  
 BELINDA through the veil of mourning peeps ;  
 Her pulse beats quicker as she then surveys  
 Th' approaching prospect of more happy days :  
 At length the change of mourning brings relief,  
 And at the change she *loses half her grief*.  
 Now on the joys that meet her on the way,  
 The mourner casts a practis'd coy survey ;  
 Now less reserv'd, a bolder view she sends,  
 And bolder still she Pleasure's bark ascends,  
 Where laughing HEBE grasps the glitt'ring helm,  
 To guide the vessel to th' Idalian realm.  
 Now soft recorders send a soothing sound,  
 And in the notes affliction's plaints are drown'd ;  
 The sails grow pregnant with the wanton air,  
 Not unregarded by the conscious Fair,  
 Who glides obedient to the fav'ring wind,  
 And leaves the gloom of widowhood behind.

The

The **MEXICANS** having gained an advantage over the **SPANIARDS**, and having buried the troops (that were slain in the action) in a large field, **GUATIMIZINO**, the emperor of **MEXICO**, thus addresses the place of interment :

## GUATIMIZINO's SPEECH

### AT THE PLACE OF INTERMENT.

“ **H**AIL, sepulchre, which ev’ry coward shuns !  
 “ Thou glorious hecatomb of Valour’s sons !  
 “ On thee, oh sacred altar of renown,  
 “ Th’ Eternal Being looks propitious down !  
 “ They, they are dear to that all-seeing eye,  
 “ Who greatly daring act, or bravely die.  
 “ Let this suggestion footh the bleeding heart,  
 “ In which Despair has lodg’d his poison’d dart :  
 “ To you I speak, ye fair afflicted train,  
 “ Who weep for brothers, friends, and lovers slain :  
 “ To you I speak, ye widows plunged in care ;  
 “ And you whose sons stern fate refus’d to spare.

As

As thus he said—deep from some breast unknown,<sup>and</sup>  
 Burst unsubdued affliction's piercing moan,<sup>straining</sup>  
 Now intermitting, now returning loud—  
 At length, advancing thro' the wond'ring crowd,<sup>romantic</sup>  
 A matron-form th' attentive hero view'd,  
 Her robe neglected, and her tresses rude ;  
 With hurried step the royal Youth she sought,  
 Her wild eye speaking th' inexpressive thought,<sup>and</sup>  
 Close at her side a lovely boy appears—  
 Now through opposing grief her voice ~~she~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~rears~~ <sup>TA</sup>  
 “ Give, give to me the virtue that repels  
 “ The whelming surge of Sorrow as it swells !  
 “ Two valiant sons, in age my comfort's store, <sup>H.</sup>  
 “ My lov'd, my dutious children, are no more :  
 “ This morn, this direful morn, a prey to fears,  
 “ I bath'd our parting with presaging tears,  
 “ That they expir'd on Honour's sacred bed,  
 “ That their souls mingle with th' illustrious dead,  
 “ Well do I know—and glory in the thought:  
 “ Bright Virtue's flame, perchance, from ~~me~~ <sup>they</sup> caught,  
 “ From me th' instructive lesson first they claim'd,  
 “ This bosom nurtur'd, and this voice inflam'd.  
 “ Yet ill with this vain pomp of splendid words,  
 “ My drooping, loaded, sinking heart accords ; <sup>TA</sup>  
 “ Ah,

" Ah, still to Glory's thought despair succeeds,  
 " And th' agonizing Mother only bleeds.  
 " This orphan babe to you I now bequeath,  
 " With Honour's brightest flow'rs his mind inwreath,  
 The child, half-conscious of the mother's grief,  
 As if attempting to dispense relief,  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and playful smil'd :  
 In vain the boy her scorpion thoughts beguil'd ;  
 Inclining at his call her anguish'd face,  
 Death-struck she perished in the wish'd embrace.

## GUATIMOZIN

GUATIMIZINO having opposed the Spaniards with great bravery in various engagements, was at length defeated and taken prisoner. In order to extort from him a discovery of the principal mines, he was laid on burning coals: The second in command was also condemned to the same torture, and amidst his sufferings called upon his royal master, to be released from the vow of secrecy, which drew from GUATIMIZINO these memorable words: *Am I on a bed of roses?*—When the flames had entirely consumed the unfortunate Hero, the High-Priest of Mexico approached the pile, and lamented the fate of his royal master.

THE

## SPEECH OF THE HIGH-PRIEST,

AT THE PILE.

WHEN first th' inhuman deed appall'd his sight,  
E'en as the cedar shrunk in sudden blight  
He stood—while, at the dire appearance thrill'd,  
Each function of the soul stiff Horror chill'd:

At

At length relenting into conscious grief,  
 The Seer exclaim'd—" Oh lov'd, oh hapless Chieff  
 " The ashes still that feed yon ling'ring flame,  
 " Do they of all thou art th' existence claim?  
 " Long school'd in pale Adversity's rude porch,  
 " Where Hope's gay domes are burnt by Hayock's touch,  
 " For me, with grief adjoin'd to age oppres'd,  
 " Remain'd but this to cleave my care-worn breast  
 " In early youth to me thou wast consign'd,  
 " I watch'd the dawn of thy celestial mind,  
 " I saw, by Nature wak'd, thy talents rise,  
 " And Virtue mark them with her brightest dies.  
 " Ah! what avail these fruitless tears I shed?  
 " Tho' thou art gone—yet Vengeance is not dead:  
 " The pregnant womb of Time"—He added not—  
 While from his eye a radiant meaning shot.  
 His bosom heav'd with a prophetic throe,  
 Till language gave his struggling thoughts to flow.

" Methinks Futurity, celestial maid,  
 " Thro' distant Time's dim length'ning isle display'd,  
 " Pours on my favour'd vision days unborn,  
 " That pant impatient for the ling'ring morn:  
 " Smooth as the clear expanse of vernal skies,  
 " A world of water claims my wond'ring eyes,

" See

" See on its wavy breast, in splendid pride,  
 " Innum'rous brigantines triumphant ride :  
 " Mark how the gorgeous maids advancing ploughs  
 " The groaning main with high aspiring prows :  
 " Secure in all the haughtiness of strength,  
 " It moves a crescent of tremendous length,  
 " And big with thunders and destructive force,  
 " To BRITAIN's coast directs its threat'ning course.  
 " Oft has LAS CASAS, in applauding strain,  
 " To me reveal'd that sea-encircled plain.  
 " Thou glory of the West ! — enchanted isle,  
 " Where beauteous maids on godlike heroes smile :  
 " By Nature's hand with Nature's chaplet crown'd,  
 " In arts, in commerce, and in arms renown'd ;  
 " August, magnificent, exalted Dame,  
 " As with a garment rob'd in Freedom's flame !  
 " Arise, arise—foretell th' intended blow,  
 " See to thy portal fails th' audacious foe.  
  
 " Another scenery is now display'd,  
 " No more the main assembled vessels shade,  
 " A beggar'd

\* The SPANISH Armada failed in 1588, disposed in the form  
of a crescent, and stretching the distance of seven miles from the extre-  
mity of one division to that of the other.

HUME.

“ A beggar'd remnant (of the splendid throng  
“ That swept in conscious majesty along)  
“ With prows disfigur'd, and dishonour'd masts,  
“ While thro' the rent sails mourn the hollow blasts,  
“ In shatter'd, mean, dismantled, rude array,  
“ Steal o'er the waves their ignominious way.  
“ Oh ! of thy brilliant and extensive train  
“ Do these, **ARMADA**, these alone remain ?  
“ Who has o'erthrown the honours of thy helm ?  
“ The voice of **Fame** replies—**ELIZA**'s realm ! —  
“ Where lurk thy galleons that surpris'd the deep ?  
“ Loud **Fame** replies—In Ocean's tomb they sleep !  
“ And of **HISPANIA** once the bright renown,  
“ Now glows an added gem to **BRITAIN**'s crown.”

and the first of the month of April  
from the 15th instant to the 1st of May  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the second of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the third of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the fourth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the fifth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the sixth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the seventh of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the eighth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the ninth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the tenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the eleventh of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twelfth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the thirteenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the fourteenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the fifteenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the sixteenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the seventeenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the eighteenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the nineteenth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twentieth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-first of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-second of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-third of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-fourth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-fifth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-sixth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-seventh of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-eighth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the twenty-ninth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the thirtieth of the month of April  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.  
and the first of the month of May  
from 10 a.m. to 12 m. and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

THE ANCIENT  
ENGLISH WAKE,  
A POEM.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Wake is of a very great antiquity in this country. It was held on the day of the dedication, that is, on the day of the saint to whom the village church ~~was~~ dedicated. Booths were erected in the church-yard and on the adjacent plain, and after divine service the rest of the time was devoted to the occupations of the fair, to merriment and ~~festivity~~ ~~WANNAHAN~~

See BOURNE'S Antiquities of the Common People, with Observations by Mr. BRAND.

The merchants, who frequented the fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons.

Dr. WARTON'S History of English Poetry,  
vol. ii. p. 357.

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The present edition of this poem is augmented with several additional passages.

THE ANCIENT  
ENGLISH WAKE.

HARK! how the merry, merry bells resound;  
To summon to the Wake the hamlets round:  
The villagers, in all their best array,  
Go forth to celebrate the festive day.

Now from the moat-encircled castle came  
An aged Chief, who grac'd the roll of Fame:  
Who knows not \* CHESTER's Earl, so worth ally'd;  
The boast of chivalry, and valour's pride?  
From courts and busy camps at length retir'd,  
To deeds of Fame no longer he aspir'd:  
Pleas'd, far sequester'd from the voice of praise,  
To give to peace his last remaining days,

And

\* A celebrated character in the reign of HENRY the Third.

And while life's hour-glass near its period stands,  
 To watch and pray beside the closin<sup>g</sup> sands.  
 But, 'mid the stillness of retirement's shade,  
 Domestic sorrow on his bosom prey'd :  
 A daughter, fram'd his favor to engage,  
 Pride of his house, and soother of his age,  
 Her native mansion had abruptly fled—  
 The veil of darkness o'er the rest was spread.  
 oft of his child some welcome news to gain  
 The tortur'd Father sought, but sought in vain.  
 He strives (this day) his sorrows to beguile,  
 And hide his anguish with a sickly smile.

The hoary Pastor, near the village-fane,  
 Receiv'd the honour'd Chief and all his train :  
 This holy, meek, disinterested man  
 Had form'd his useful life on duty's plan :  
 Unpractis'd in those arts that teach to rise,  
 The vacant mitre ne'er allur'd his eyes.  
 Regardless still of dissipation's call,  
 He seldom tarried at the festive hall,  
 Where all around the storied texture hung,  
 Where psaltries sounded, and where minstrels fung ;  
 But to the humble cot's neglected door  
 The sacred man the balm of comfort bore :

Still

Still would he listen to the injur'd swain,  
 For he who listens mitigates the pain:  
 There was he seen reclining o'er the bed,  
 Where the pale maiden bow'd her anguish'd head ;  
 Where, rest of hope, the yielding victim lay,  
 And like a wreath of snow dissolv'd away :  
 With feeling foul the Pastor oft enquir'd  
 Where the meek train of silent grief retir'd,  
 Shame, that declines her sorrows to impart,  
 The drooping spirit, and the broken heart,  
 He ne'er the friar's gaping wallet fed,  
 But to the widow sent his loaf of bread :  
 His fee to ROME reluctantly he paid,  
 And call'd the Pardoner's pil'ring trade.  
 The sacred Psalter well he knew to gloss,  
 And on its page illuminate the croſs :  
 The written Missal on the altar seen,  
 Inclos'd in velvet of the richest green,  
 Display'd initials by his fancy plann'd,  
 Whose brilliant colours own'd his skilful hand.  
 This gaily-letter'd book his art devis'd,  
 The temple's only ornament compriz'd :  
 The hallow'd service of this modest fane  
 (Far from the splendor of a choral train)

Could boast no labour'd chant, no solemn rites,  
 No clouds of incense, and no pomp of lights ;  
 But at the plain and lowly altar stands  
 The village-priest with pure uplifted hands,  
 Invoking from above Heav'n's guardian care,  
 In all the meek simplicity of pray'r.

Fam'd CHESTER, now returning from the fane,  
 Surveys the tents gay spreading o'er the plain ;  
 Beneath whose roof the merchant-band display'd  
 The cheerful scenery of active trade :  
 While some, intent on wealth, with sober view  
 The graver purport of the fair pursue ;  
 Some, of a free and roving mind, partake  
 The various callings of the busy Wake ;  
 These urge the prescient seer, deep-vers'd in fate,  
 Some passage of their story to relate :  
 There the fond maid, solicitous to know  
 Some future instance of her joy or woe,  
 Attends, half-unbelieving, half sincere,  
 To the vague dictates of the artful seer.  
 Lo, where the trader all his art employs  
 To rear the pageantry of *holy* toys,  
 And on the simple rustics shed the glare  
 Of gaudy Superstition's lighter ware :

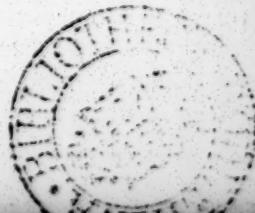
Here

Here beads hung round in many a splendid row;  
 In crystal glitter, or in coral glow :  
 Here gayly-painted saints attract the sight,  
 There ivory crosses of the purest white.  
 Here brilliant pebbles from the hallow'd well,  
 In which are lodg'd the wonder-working spell.  
 Some by the travell'd pilgrim take their stand,  
 To hear the wonders of a foreign strand ;  
 While others, smitten with the love of song,  
 Around the minstrel's harp attentive throng.  
 Of war and daring chiefs the master sung,  
 While from the chords terrific sounds he flung :  
 At length, descending from his lofty mood,  
 The feeling bard a milder theme pursued,  
 And gently wak'd those soft, complaining tones,  
 So dear to melody, which Scotland owns\*.

M 2

Now

\* Though the Scottish music, as we now have it, is attributed to JAMES the First of Scotland, yet, as most of the harpers were supposed to have come from the North, it is very probable that there was something alluring and characteristic in the northern music previous to that period, and which partook of the style that reigns in the compositions of JAMES the First, and which TASSONI calls *Musica lamentevole e mefia differente da tutte l'altre*.



Now, when the thronging audience all withdrew,  
 A beauteous maiden still remain'd in view;  
 She seem'd as one of the dejected kind,  
 Whose face betrays the secret of the mind ;  
 She look'd as opening day scarce ting'd with light,  
 Or summer's eve when fading into night :  
 She spoke——‘ Sweet are the songs from Scotland's coast,  
 ‘ They, they admire them best who feel them most :  
 ‘ Abrupt pathetic airs, devoid of art,  
 ‘ That breathe upon the soul and melt the heart :  
 ‘ Still, when the bard some mournful tale records,  
 ‘ With plaintive harmony they clothe his words ;  
 ‘ Ah ! then they witness to the ear of grief,  
 ‘ That food to sorrow is the best relief.  
 ‘ Bend, gen'rous minstrel, to a mourner's pray'r,  
 ‘ Sooth with thy art the ills I'm doom'd to bear ;  
 ‘ Still let some Highland airs thy skill employ,  
 ‘ And steep my soul in melancholy joy.’  
 Attentive to the tuneful maid's request,  
 With magic touch the weeping harp he pres'd,  
 And waken'd into life that pow'rful strain,  
 Whose sound persuasive charms almost to pain,  
 That thrilling harmony to nature true,  
 Whose arrows only wound the sacred few.

See now the throng in clust'ring numbers go  
 To where the troop display'd the gaudy show\*:  
 The first presented to th' expecting view,  
 Amid encircling clouds of richest hue,  
 Religion, on a throne exalted high,  
 While flow'rs fell sprinkling from the mimic sky :  
 Now stately ent'ring on the splendid scene,  
 Array'd in white, three female forms were seen :  
 These female figures to th' admiring crowd  
 The names of Faith, of Hope, of Love avow'd :  
 Three rivals; they appear before the throne  
 To plead—and make their various merit known.

Faith, while a sable band o'erspread her eyes,  
 In accents to this purpose claim'd the prize:  
 ' Foe to the prying search of shallow wit,  
 ' Thy sacred lore, unquestion'd, I admit:  
 ' Before the dazzling splendor of the Law  
 ' I close my view, and bend with trembling awe.'

Hope,

\* Dr. WARTON observes, in his History of English Poetry, that the subject of this sort of spectacle was (till the reign of HENRY the Seventh) confined to moral allegory, or to religion blended with buffoonery.

Hope, with an air to confidence ally'd,  
 Advanc'd—her symbol leaning at her side:  
 ' The sea of life do wrecking winds deform ?  
 ' Borne on a plank, I smile amidst the storm.  
 ' Still thro' the dark'ning shov'r's that intervene,  
 ' With piercing view I mark the promis'd scene,  
 ' Where, list'ning to the ocean's distant roar,  
 ' Delight sits harbour'd near the fragrant shore.'

Next Charity, with looks that dwelt on high,  
 Her soul, ecstatic, beaming from her eye,  
 Began—‘ No fond expectancies I frame,  
 ' I boast no merit, no reward I claim ;  
 ' While Heav'n's creative pow'r around me flows,  
 ' The flame of love within my bosom glows ;  
 ' Rais'd from the nature of a senseless clod,  
 ' I burn with gratitude, and thank my God !  
 ' I feel, I feel affection's piercing dart—'  
 She paus'd, and laid her hand upon her heart.

A dove-like form now failing from the skies,  
 Bore in her beak the flow'r-inwoven prize ;  
 Religion reach'd it from the hov'ring dove,  
 And twin'd the wreath around the brow of Love.

Now

Now other actors mute attention claim,  
 Whose antic gestures mark'd a lighter aim ;  
 A troop of busy mutt'ring friars press'd  
 Around a law-man by the fiend possest ;  
 The meagre Exorcist now plies his part,  
 Acts all the wonders of his secret art :  
 Nor word of magic, pray'r, nor rite avails,  
 The whole artillery of the Father fails :  
 At length he sportive cries : ' Still uncontrol'd,  
 ' No pow'r can wrest fly Satan from his hold ;  
 ' Here end we then this ineffectual strife,  
 ' A lawyer's bosom is a place for life.' —  
 The baffled Exorcist now quits his ground,  
 While peals of simple laughter burst around.

See to the tents the villagers repair,  
 The solace of the temp'rate feast to share ;  
 A gay pavilion, that adorn'd the plain,  
 Receiv'd time-honour'd CHESTER and his train :  
 'Twas then a maid, whose cheek wore beauty's hue,  
 (Clad as a pilgrim) rush'd upon their view ;  
 And said, while at the warrior's feet she fell,  
 ' This lowly attitude becomes me well ;  
 ' Nor will I ever raise my blushing face,  
 ' Till my lov'd father shall pronounce my grace.'

' Lost

' Lost AGATHA !' th' astonished CHESTER cries,  
 ' Lost AGATHA !' each glad'ning guest replies,  
 ' Tell, tell me, fugitive,' the father said,  
 ' Before my blessing on thy soul I shed,  
 ' Dost thou return with all thy bloom of name,  
 ' And all the wonted fragrance of thy fame?  
 ' If, soil'd by vice in some unhappy hour,  
 ' Thy character has lost its boasted flow'r,  
 ' Away, away—far from my sight retire,  
 ' Nor dare, rash girl! to meet thy wrathful fire.'

With injur'd look, and blush-embellish'd cheek,  
 The beauteous AGATHA began to speak:  
 ' Proud of my ancestry, our honor'd name  
 ' Shall ne'er thro' me receive the blast of shame;  
 ' Pure as the lily drooping with the' dew  
 ' (Heav'n is my judge) I now approach thy view.'

' Then with a father's wonted glow I burn,  
 ' My fond affections all to thee return;  
 ' Thy look, thy words, thy tears each doubt efface,  
 He said—and lock'd her in his close embrace.  
 At length he urg'd his daughter to recke  
 The dark mysterious purport of her flight.

In act to speak advanc'd the beauteous Fair,  
 And drew attention still as midnight air:  
 She sigh'd—the roses on her cheek grew pale,  
 While expectation panted for the tale.

‘ Recall,’ she said, ‘ that brilliant hour recall,  
 ‘ When first RODOLPHUS grac'd the festive hall;  
 ‘ Adorn'd with valor's wreath, in early fame,  
 ‘ In flow'r of youth, in beauty's pride he came;  
 ‘ The blush of diffidence was on his brow,  
 ‘ When in soft voice he spoke the ardent vow:  
 ‘ Oh kind, oh generous sire! thy friendly voice  
 ‘ Approv'd the Youth, and sanctified my choice:  
 ‘ To his affection as I nearer drew,  
 ‘ Encreasing merit open'd on my view:  
 ‘ When he discours'd (till then to me unknown)  
 ‘ I breath'd the sigh that sorrow does not own:  
 ‘ Regardless of the throng when he was by,  
 ‘ Still linger'd on his form my love-sick eye,  
 ‘ Still did each moment some new charm disclose,  
 ‘ As brings each gale new fragrance from the rose.

‘ Oh tender sire! thou nam'dst the nuptial hour,  
 ‘ And grac'd thy daughter with a regal dow'r:  
 ‘ Ah me! what boots it that I now display  
 ‘ The fatal cloud that brooded o'er that day?

‘ That

' That day—when hope had chas'd each ling'ring fear,  
 ' When all my fond expectancies drew near,  
 ' When love and fortune smil'd—joy turn'd aside,  
 ' And left me, plung'd in woe, misfortune's bride :  
 ' To the swift progress of disease a prey,  
 ' On death's terrific couch RODOLPHUS lay ;  
 ' As sorrow-wounded o'er his form I bent,  
 ' His closing voice these accents feebly sent :—  
 " The Pow'r above, whose will we must obey,  
 " Who tears me now from thee and joy away,  
 " Late saw me at the conscious altar bow,  
 " And heard these lips pronounce the hallow'd vow,  
 " Beneath the banner of the Cross to stand,  
 " And scourge the usurpers of the Holy Land.  
 " This unaccomplish'd vow to thee I leave,  
 " With stedfast ear my parting words receive :  
 " In the small compass of an urn enshrin'd,  
 " To some bold warrior be my heart consign'd,  
 " To live with him when his intrepid hand  
 " Shall scourge th' usurpers of the Holy Land."  
 ' He ceas'd—his fading eyes now roll'd in vain,  
 ' Now clos'd—and never gaz'd on me again†.

• No

† It was not unusual, during the long period of the Crusades, for the knights to make this request upon their death-beds. Among other instances, see particularly one mentioned by

FROISSART

' No bold advent'rous war-bred youth I fought,  
 ' For love inspired me with a bolder thought :  
 ' I dropt the robe that deck'd the peaceful maid,  
 ' And, in the warrior's garb of steel array'd,  
 ' Amidst the embattled ranks unknown I stood  
 ' Beneath the banner of the holy rood.  
 ' As in their urn **RODOLPHUS'** ashes slept,  
 ' I bore them to the plain where **RACHEL** wept.  
 ' Peace to the souls of Archers that were hurl'd  
 ' In that dread moment to another world !  
 ' Fierce from the hands of hostile Pagans flung,  
 ' Dark o'er the field a cloud of jav'lins hung.  
 ' Still to this mind returns (dismiss'd in vain)  
 ' The thund'ring tumult of the horrid plain.

' At length our daring men, to valor true,  
 ' The fiery-tressed Saracens o'erthrew :  
 ' Still dost thou ask what charm, what sacred pow'r,  
 ' Upheld my frame in danger's rudest hour ?  
 ' Behold, behold the wonder-working charm†,  
 ' That calm'd my fear in danger's rude alarm :

' This

**FROISSART**, in his first volume, chapter 21, where the king of Scotland entreats **DOUGLAS** to embalm his heart immediately after his decease, in order to carry it with him to the holy war.

† Taking the urn from her garment.

' This little tomb, that clasps his better part,  
 ' Where sleep the ashes of his spotless heart,  
 ' This relic, as it touch'd my conscious breast,  
 ' My fainting soul with energy imprest.  
 ' Enough—soon as the flag of truce unfurl'd  
 ' Its softer color to the Pagan world,  
 ' To England then I urg'd my lonesome way,  
 ' Cloath'd in this pilgrim garb of amice grey:  
 ' Still as the tenor of my way I kept,  
 ' O'er thee, oh Father! fond remembrance wept:  
 ' Oft did I say, while tears roll'd down my face  
 ' (And as I spoke I mov'd with quicker pace)  
 ' By Time's devastating hand despoil'd of friends,  
 ' Unspous'd, undaughter'd, my lov'd parent bends,  
 ' Like desolation, all unsenc'd he shews,  
 ' Exposed and naked to assailing woes.  
 ' I go, I go his sorrows to assuage,  
 ' To smooth with filial hand the couch of age:  
 ' Ply duty's task, whose labors never tire,  
 ' Invent young sports to chear his evening fire;  
 ' The joy I cannot feel to him impart,  
 ' And brighten with his smiles my drooping heart.'  
  
 ' Forbear, forbear,' th' enraptur'd Father cries,  
 (While tears of gladness glitter in his eyes)

' Oh

\* Oh insupportable ! oh joyful hour !  
 \* That bursts upon me in a flood of pow'r.  
 He ceas'd—and to the moat-encircled dome  
 In triumph led the beauteous wand'r'er home ;  
 Where at the castle-gate expecting staid  
 A num'rous train to greet the welcome maid.

Mean-while the jocund villagers convene,  
 Where the wreath'd may-pole crowns the festive green ;  
 The comely maids the gifted riband wear,  
 Gay-streaming from the flow'r-encircled hair.  
 See with the am'rous youths they now advance,  
 Demand the music, and provoke the dance ;  
 Link'd hand in hand they form the mirthful round,  
 Obedient to the shrill pipe's nimble sound.  
 Thus on the flowing stream of time, the day  
 With prosp'rous fails glides rapidly away,  
 Till, as the faint beams glimmer from the west,  
 The curfew tolls the hamlet train to rest.

TO THE

## MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

ENDOW'D with all that Fortune could bestow ;  
 With brilliancy of wit and beauty's glow,  
 FRANCISCA, rising to her fifteenth year,  
 Stood mid the virgin train without a peer :  
 Her conscious bosom throbb'd to virtue warm,  
 While diffidence still heighten'd ev'ry charm :  
 But Heav'n's decree forbad this beauty's queen  
 To act her part thro' beauty's short-liv'd scene :  
 A gradual illness on her figure prey'd,  
 And slowly, slowly funk the fading maid :  
 Torn from each wish to which her youth aspir'd,  
 Unfearing—uncomplaining—she expir'd :  
 Thus some faint lily to its mother-ground  
 In silence falls—while spring is blooming round.

INSCRIPTION

## INSCRIPTION,

INTENDED FOR

AN OLD THATCHED CHURCH.

3  
FAR from the splendor of a costly fane,  
My low roof canopies the humble train :  
Deep in my vaults, divorc'd from human woes,  
The life-worn weary villagers repose :  
When at my altar kneels the hamlet Fair,  
And to her God unveils her bosom'd care !  
Or does the herdsman bend with grief distrest,  
Kind comfort steals upon their lighten'd breast :  
Here too Religion weaves with viewless hand,  
For spotless village hearts, the nuptial hand,  
And twines with many a charm the holy braid  
'That joins the lab'rer and the nut-brown maid.

ON

ON THE  
DEATH  
OF TWO FAVOURITE BIRDS.

INVOLV'D in flame and suffocating breath,  
A hapless bird was doom'd to sudden death ;  
The female, touch'd at his uncommon fate,  
Survey'd the form of her disfigur'd mate ;  
With drooping head and shiv'ring wings she stood  
In all the agony of widowhood !  
At length, to grief's severest pow'r a prey,  
She dropt—and sigh'd her little foul away.

Ye wedded birds, tho' rigid be your doom,  
Yet ANNA † watches at your early tomb ;

For

† Miss ANN BEAUCLERK.

For you her flowing pity bursts restraint,  
Your dirge is utter'd in her soft complaint,  
Your elegy, without the poet's art,  
Is writ by sorrow on the purest heart.

N

SENSE

## SEN S I B I L I T Y.

CELESTIAL spring ! to Nature's favourites giv'n,  
 Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heav'n :  
 From the pure crystal of thy fountain flow  
 The tears that trickle o'er another's woe ;  
 The silent drop that calms our own distress ;  
 The gush of rapture at a friend's success ;  
 Thine the soft flow'rs down beauty's breast that steal  
 To sooth the heart-wounds they can never heal :  
 Thine too the tears of ecstasy <sup>that roll,</sup>  
 When genius rushes on the ravish'd soul ;  
 And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye,  
 When warm Religion lifts the thought on high.

MAY THE 9TH, 1779,

## MISS BOYLE'S BIRTH DAY.

OH, shade of HANB'RY \*, from thy seat bestow  
 One transient aspect on this scene below :  
 This youngest flowret of thy bow'r survey,  
 Who meekly rears her head to welcome May,  
 And looks the lily of the primros'd dale,  
 Just breaking thro' its green o'ermantling veil.

Behold the Mother † prompt (with skill refin'd)  
 To watch the dawning of a Daughter's mind :  
 With those clear rays which her bright noon adorn,  
 She streaks and beautifies her pupil's morn :  
 Foe to th' enamel'd rules of STANHOPE's art,  
 With Nature's sentiments she feeds the heart ;  
 Whose strong ascendant, in due time display'd,  
 Shall as a buckler shield the tender maid,

N 2

When,

\* Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

† The Honourable Mrs. WALSINGHAM.

When, call'd to enter on her fate's career,  
 Thro' life's uncertain voyage she shall steer.  
 Methinks I now behold that future day,  
 When the light galley shall the Fair convey :  
 I see this artless **CLEOPATRA** glide,  
 Hope at her helm, and Virtue at her side,  
 Firm (as her Father to repel the foe)  
 To meet, when Heav'n ordains, th' affailing woe :  
 Ah ! new adventurer on the sea of life,  
 May'st thou ne'er meet the waves' insulting strife ;  
 Ne'er may thy bark, amidst the whirlwind's roar,  
 Dash its young bosom on the bulging shore !  
 May halcyon stillness brood along the deep,  
 And treach'rous Syrens in some cavern sleep !  
 Allur'd by smiling skies, may playful gales  
 Toy round thy mast and flutter in the sails !  
 Enough—To merriment the hours devote,  
 Each accent tune to laughing pleasure's note.

For thee, the darling of these humble lays,  
 Whose early merit wakes the voice of praise,  
 From the bright date of this recorded day  
 Thou shalt be styled the Little Queen of May !

THE

## SOLDIER'S FAREWELL,

ON

## THE EVE OF A BATTLE.

**N**IGHT, expecting the dread morrow,  
 Hover'd o'er the martial train,  
 Beauteous **ALICE**, led by sorrow,  
 Hurried to the silent plain :

‘ Give the watch-word,’ the guard utter'd  
 Loudly from his destin'd place ;  
 ‘ Lo! ’tis I,’ fair **ALICE** mutter'd,  
 Hastening to his fond embrace.

‘ Ever beauteous, faithful ever,’  
 Quick the gallant Youth rejoin'd,  
 ‘ Cruel Death can only sever  
 ‘ Hearts in love’s strong links entwin'd :

‘ Soon

' Soon shall we be torn asunder,  
 ' Therefore welcome art thou come :  
 ' Till morn wakes the battle's thunder  
 ' Rest thee on that broken drum.'

She sat down, in mind reviewing  
 Ills the morning might behold,  
 Tears still other tears pursuing,  
 Down her cheek in silence roll'd :

Thoughts to other thoughts succeeding  
 O'er her mind incessant flow ;  
 She, like Meekness, only bleeding,  
 Broods in stillness o'er her woe :

' Wherefore, ALICE, dost thou ponder  
 ' Evils that are fancy's brood ?  
 ' Sure our parting might be fonder  
 ' Than beseems this silent mood :

' Yet continue still to ponder  
 ' Things thy voice wants pow'r to say,  
 ' Thy dumb grief to me seems fonder,  
 ' Than words deck'd in bright array.'

She

She replied (her tears still gushing)

‘ What avails it to be brave ?

‘ Thou, amidst the battle rushing,

‘ Here perchance may’st meet a grave :

‘ Should’st thou perish in the action,

‘ Where’s the peace to sooth my care ?

‘ All my life would be distraction,

‘ Madness, wailing, and despair.

‘ Still thou wert of gentlest carriage,

‘ Still affectionately true,

‘ And a lover still in marriage,

‘ And a friend and parent too.’

‘ Cheer thee, cheer thee, best of women,

‘ Trust to the great Pow’r above ;

‘ When I rush amidst the foemen,

‘ Heav’n may think on her I love :

‘ Saving is the Miser’s pleasure,

‘ Spending is the Soldier’s thrift ;

‘ Take this guinea, all my treasure,

‘ Take it—as a parting gift.

‘ Here

- ‘ Here end we this mournful meeting,
- ‘ Catch from my lips this fond sigh ;
- ‘ If this be our last, last greeting,
- ‘ Know, that I was born to die.
  
- ‘ See ! the day-spring gilds the streamers
- ‘ Waving o'er the martial train ;
- ‘ Now the hoarse drum wakes the dreamers,
- ‘ Ne'er perchance to dream again :
  
- ‘ Hark ! I hear the trumpet's clangor
- ‘ Bid the British youth excel ;
- ‘ Now, now glows the battle's anger :
- ‘ Lovely ALICE, fare thee well !

ON THE

**AUTHOR OF THE BALLAD**

CALLED

**THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.**

**L**E T others praise the martial song,  
Which rushes as a flood,  
And round the harp attentive throng  
That honours deeds of blood:

Let me that humble Bard revere,  
Tho' artless be his theme,  
Who snatch'd the tale to Pity dear,  
From dark Oblivion's stream.

Say,

Say, little MARY\*, prattling maid,  
 (Whose wit thine age excels)  
 Beneath what holy yew-tree's shade  
 Thy favourite author dwells?

Ah! not on WESTMINSTER's proud ground  
 The fond enquiry waste;  
 Go where the meek of heart are found,  
 And th' unambitious rest.

Where WALTON's limpid streamlet flows,  
 On NORFOLK's rich domain,  
 A gently-rising hillock shews  
 The hamlet's straw-roof'd fane.

Hard by is seen a marble stone,  
 By many a winter worn;  
 Forgetfulness around has thrown  
 The rude o'ermantling thorn:

Within

\* The daughter of Sir THOMAS BEAUCHAMP, of LANGLEY PARK, in NORFOLK.

Within this low obscure abode  
 Fame says the Bard is laid ;  
 Oft have I left the beaten road  
 To greet the Poet's shade :

Fame too reports, that when the bier  
 Receiv'd the Poet's frame,  
 The neighb'ring hamlets hasten'd here,  
 And all the childhood came :

Attir'd in white, an infant band  
 Advanc'd in long array ;  
 With rosemary leaves each little hand  
 O'erspread the mournful way :

Encircling now the Poet's tomb,  
 Thrice on his name they call,  
 And thrice into the hallow'd gloom  
 Sweet flow'rs of violets fall.

Compassion's priest ! oh ! feeling Bard,  
 Who melts the heart away,  
 Enduring praise shall still reward  
 Thy short and simple lay.

Those

Those shall thy praise be found among  
Whom Nature's touch has grac'd,  
The warm of heart applaud thy song,  
And all the pure of taste :

The child shall leave his jocund dance,  
Suppress his frolic mood,  
And bend to hear, in silent trance,  
The story of the wood.

TO

## LADY CATHARINE MURRAY,

DURING HER RECOVERY FROM AN ILLNESS, OCCA-  
SIONED BY HER CLOATHS CATCHING FIRE,

1781.

With a green and yellow melancholy  
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief.

SHAKESPEAR.

HAD our great tragic Bard (whose master-hand  
 The patient VIOLA's sweet portrait plann'd)  
 Beheld fair CATHARINE to pain consign'd,  
 Yet tow'ring o'er her fate with strength of mind,  
 In other colours he had then display'd  
 The pleasing image of his patient maid !  
 Not with dim tints of yellow and of green  
 Would he have sicklied o'er the sufferer's mien :  
 But in a shading cap that veils the face,  
 Half-stealing from the sight each soften'd grace,  
 He would have pictur'd to the steadfast view  
 A cheek a little pal'd with languor's hue ;

An

An eye, that, beaming with the rays of sense,  
Speaks to the soul an artless eloquence,  
And seems a look of gratitude to throw  
On those whose feelings share the sufferer's woe :  
And last her lips (whose blushes well display  
The glowing colour of the ruby's ray)  
Where Patience dwells, refusing to complain,  
With Resignation \*that can smile at pain !

\* This accomplished young lady was married, in 1782, to the Honourable EDWARD BOUVERIE, and died in 1783.

THE

THE

## LOVER'S DYING REQUEST.

These lines are a feeble imitation of some beautiful verses written in the SWEDISH language by the COMTE DE CREUTZ, late Minister at STOCKHOLM.

BEAR me, ye friends, when ebbing life is o'er,  
 When the grief-wounded heart shall bleed no more,  
 Bear me to yonder wood's sequester'd gloom,  
 To sleep unknown, unmark'd by any tomb !  
 'To sleep where willows crown the water's side,  
 Whose gentle surges murmuringly glide !—  
 There ANNA, far remote from human sight,  
 Oft pensive sits and woos th' approaching night :  
 Haste ! from thy cloud, oh Cynthia, burst away,  
 The pleasing shadow of her form display :

Let

Let the soft texture of her length'ning shade  
Repose along the spot where mine is laid:  
Where thus her presence to my wishes giv'n,  
Death would rejoice, my grave would then be heav'n.

TO

TO

## A L A T D Y,

WHO LAMENTED SHE COULD NOT SING.

OH! give to LYDIA, ye blest Pow'rs, I cried,  
 A voice! the only gift ye have denied.  
 ' A voice!' says VENUS, with a laughing air,  
 ' A voice! strange object of a Lover's pray'r!  
 ' Say—shall your chosen Fair resemble most  
 ' Yon Philomel, whose voice is all her boast?  
 ' Or, curtain'd round with leaves, yon mournful Dove,  
 ' That hoarsely murmurs to the conscious grove?  
 —Still more unlike, I said, be LYDIA's note  
 The pleasing tone of Philomela's throat;  
 So to the hoarseness of the murmur'ring Dove,  
 She joins ('tis all I ask) the Turtle's love.

AMONON

O

A SONNET

## SONNET TO THE BOOK\*.

AH go ! beyond thy kindred copies blest,  
 Go meet thy happiness—be JERSEY's guest :  
 She, skill'd to judge, thy humble themes receives,  
 Her graceful hand shall touch thy trembling leaves :  
 Her eyes, the boast and envy of the age,  
 Shall shed their pleasing lustre o'er thy page :  
 And while she reads, thy conscious form shall feel  
 The breath of spring from lips celestial steal.

\* These lines were sent to LADY JERSEY, with a former edition of these poems.

HONORIA

# HONORIA;

OR,

Enquiry into the Nature and Object of  
the Christian Religion, in a Series of Discourses,

## THE DAY OF ALL SOULS.

Designed to illustrate the Christian Religion, and to

A POEM.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Scene of the following little Poem is supposed to be in the great church of St. AMBROSE at MILAN, the second of November, on which day the most solemn office is performed for the repose of the Dead.

## HONORIA.

' Ye hallow'd bells, whose voices thro' the air  
 ' The awful summons of affliction bear :  
 ' Ye slowly-waving banners of the dead,  
 ' That o'er yon altar your dark horrors spread :  
 ' Ye curtain'd lamps, whose mitigated ray  
 ' Casts round the fane a pale, reluctant day :  
 ' Ye walls, ye shrines, by Melancholy dreft,  
 ' Well do ye suit the fashion of my breast !  
 ' Have I not lost what language can't unfold,  
 ' The form of valour cast in beauty's mould ?  
 ' Th' intrepid Youth the path of battle tried,  
 ' And foremost in the hour of peril died.  
 ' Nor was I present to bewail his fate,  
 ' With pity's lenient voice to sooth his state,  
 ' To watch his looks, to read, while death stood by,  
 ' The last expression of his parting eye.  
 ' But other duties, other cares impend,  
 ' Cares that beyond the mournful grave extend ;  
 ' Now,

' Now, now I view convened the pious train,  
 ' Whose bosom sorrows at another's pain,  
 ' While ~~recollection~~, pleasingly severe,  
 ' Wakes for the awful dead the silent tear,  
 ' And pictures (as to each her sway extends)  
 ' The sacred forms of lovers, parents, friends,  
 ' Now Charity a fiery seraph stands  
 ' Beside yon altar with uplifted hands,

' Yet, can this high solemnity of grief  
 ' Yield to the Youth I love the wish'd relief?  
 ' These rites of death—ah! what can they avail?  
 ' ~~HONORIUS~~ died beyond the hallow'd pale,  
 ' Plung'd in the gulph of fear—distressful state!  
 ' My anxious mind dares not enquire his fate:  
 ' Yet why desp'nd? could one slight error roll  
 ' A flood of poison o'er the healthful soul?  
 ' Had not thy virtues full sufficing pow'r  
 ' To clear thee in the dread recording hour?  
 ' Did they before the Judge abash'd remain?  
 ' Did they, weak advocates, all plead in vain?  
 ' By love, by piety, by reason taught,  
 ' My soul revolts at the blaspheming thought;  
 ' Sure, in the breast to pure religion true,  
 ' Where Virtue's templed, God is templed too.

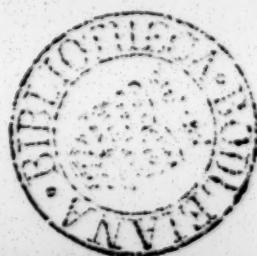
‘ Then

' Then, while th' august procession moves along,  
 ' Midst swelling organs, and the pomp of song ;  
 ' While the dread chaunt, still true to Nature's laws,  
 ' Is deepen'd by the terror-breathing pause ;  
 ' While 'midst encircling clouds of incense loft  
 ' The trembling priest upholds the *sacred host* ;  
 ' Amid these scenes shall I forget my suit ?  
 ' Amid these scenes shall I alone be mute ?  
 ' Nor to the footsteps of the throne above  
 ' Breathe the warm requiem to the Youth I love ?

' Now silence reigns along the gloomy fane,  
 ' And wraps in dread repose the pausing strain :  
 ' When next it bursts, my humble voice I'll join,  
 ' Disclose my trembling wish at Mercy's shrine,  
 ' Unveil my anguish to the throne above,  
 ' And sigh the requiem to the Youth I love,

' —Does Fancy mock me with a false delight,  
 ' Or does some hallow'd vision cheer my sight ?  
 ' Methinks, emerging from the gloom below,  
 ' Th' immortal spirits leave the house of woe !  
 ' Inshrin'd in Glory's beams they reach the sky,  
 ' While choral songs of triumph burst from high !

See,



• See, at the voice of my accorded pray'r,  
• The radiant Youth ascend the fields of air !  
• Behold !—he mounts unutterably bright,  
• Cloth'd in the sun-robe of unfading light ;  
• Applauding seraphs hail him on his way,  
• And lead him to the gates of everlasting day.

THE

THE  
**RUINS OF AN ABBEY.**

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE

The following stanzas (taken from a poem that is omitted) are inserted in this edition at the flattering injunction of some poetical judges: I was the more willing to obey their commands, as the lines, tho' extracted from a longer composition, form a kind of integrity in themselves.

## THE

## RUINS OF AN ABBEY;

THE path that leads to yonder shatter'd pile,  
 Is now perplex'd with many a sordid brier:  
 No crowd is seen within the hallow'd isle,  
 The sabbath mourns its long-deserted choir.

Still may it mourn, to dim neglect consign'd,  
 The lonesome isles and unfrequented fane !  
 Here Superstition, tyrant of the mind,  
 In elder days display'd her iron reign.

On yon dust-levell'd spire the spleenful Maid,  
 With indignation brooding in her breast,  
 Sits gloomily—her vot'ries all are fled,  
 Her lamps extinguish'd, and her rites suppress'd.

Within

Within her hand a vacant string she holds,  
 That once connected many a mystic bead ;  
 The blotted scroll, the other hand unfolds,  
 Contains the maxims of her slighted creed.

Couch'd at her feet behold a mould'ring shrine,  
 (Of various relics once the dread abode)  
 Where runs the spider o'er his treach'rous line,  
 Where lurks the beetle and the loathsome toad.

On darkness' wing now fails the midnight hour,  
 When, for the sounds of ill-directed pray'r\*,  
 The shrieking owl from yon monastic tow'r  
 With notes of horror wakes her trembling ear.

\* Alluding to the invocation of saints.

## E P I T A P H

ON

J A M E S R O B S O N,

WHO DIED IN THE TWENTIETH YEAR OF HIS AGE,  
BY A FALL FROM HIS HORSE.

To mark the hapless Youth's disastrous doom,  
The sorrow-wedded Father rears the tomb,  
On which a Mother wishes to express  
The mingled pride that swells with her distress :  
For he was all Affection could desire,  
All Duty ask'd, all Friendship could require :  
Simplicity was his, with strength of mind,  
With ev'ry milder influence combin'd ;  
While Virtue, eager to complete the whole,  
Diffus'd her magic colour o'er the soul !

A SONG.

## A S O N G\*.

WAKE, wake the gently-plaintive string  
 To soothe ELIZA's care !  
 Draw from her wound th' invenom'd sting,  
 Yet leave meek Sorrow there.

\* These words are retained, in consideration of the honour they have obtained, by having been set to music by the BARON NOLEKEN, the Swedish Ambassador; Mr. MELLISH; and Mr. ADAM, organist.

THE

THE  
RISE AND PROGRESS  
OF THE  
SCANDINAVIAN POETRY.  
A POEM.  
IN TWO PARTS.

SCANDINAVIA

1818

TO THE HONOURABLE  
HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ambitious of inscribing this Poem to you, as a small return for the warm commendation you bestowed upon it, when the Poem was first published. This also gives me an opportunity, which I readily embrace, of paying a public testimony to the exalted regard with which I remain,

Your faithful humble servant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE materials that form the first part of the following Poem are taken from the Scandinavian poetics, The EDDA ! In the remarks on the third fable of the Edda, are these words, ‘ a powerful Being had with his breath ‘ animated the drops out of which the first giant was ‘ formed. This Being, whom the Edda affects not to ‘ name, was entirely distinct from Odin, who had his ‘ birth long after the formation of the giant Ymir.’— This first agent, or Genius, whom the Edda affects not to name, is supposed, in the following Poem, to create, from his own immediate power, the system of the Scaldic mythology. As it would have been impossible to introduce the whole system without running into a tedious enumeration, the principal features of it are only retained, sufficient (it is presumed) to give some idea

of the character of the northern poetry. Among other omissions, the reader will find that no mention is made of *Gimlé*, the mansion of bliss, that was appropriated to the reception of the virtuous, nor of *Nastrände*, the abode of the impious ; these places not being supposed to exist in their full extent till the general destruction of the world ; whereas the hall of Odin, and the caves of Hela, were peculiarly the Elysium, and the Tartarus of the Runic poetry : they are perpetually referred to in the ancient songs of the Scalds, and the wild system of these contrasted abodes seems well calculated to encourage that spirit of war and enterprize which runs through the whole Scandinavian minstrelsy.

Some expressions taken from the Edda may appear obscure without an explanation.—In the language of the Scalds, the world is styled the great vessel that floats on the ages.—The rainbow, the bridge of the gods.—To drink the blood of friendship, alludes to a ceremony performed by two warriors when they enter into an alliance of friendship : they made incisions in their arms or breast, and tasting each other's blood, they mutually swore, that the death of the first of them who fell in battle should not pass unrevenged.

To celebrate the mass of weapons, was to fight against the Christians, whose religious sentiments the Scandinavians held in contempt, as thinking them adverse to the spirit of war.

The Valkeries are a female troop whom Odin sends to the field of battle upon invisible steeds; their function is to choose such as are destined to slaughter, and conduct their spirits to the Paradise of the Brave.

Fenris is a large wolf, who is to break his chains at the general conflagration, and to swallow the sun.

103

1. *Chlorophytum comosum* (L.) Willd.

207

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1996-1997-1998

1961-1962: The first year of the new program, the first year of the new school, the first year of the new curriculum.

947

THE

R I S E, &c.

P A R T THE F I R S T.

WHEN urg'd by Destiny th' eventful year  
Sail'd thro' the portal of the northern sphere,  
Of SCANDINAVIA the rude Genius rose,  
His breast deep-lab'ring with creation's throes :  
Thrice o'er his head a pow'rful wand he whirl'd,  
Then call'd to life a new Poetic world.

First thro' the yawning waves that roar'd around,  
Uprising slow from out the gulph profound,  
Amidst the fury of the beating storm  
The giant YMIR heav'd his horrid form.

Now

Now on the stormy cloud the rainbow glows,  
 Where gay Diversity her colouring throws.  
 Beyond the sun the Pow'r now cast his eyes,  
 And bade the splendid city ASGARD rise ;  
 Obedient to the loud creative call  
 She rises, circled with a crystal wall,  
 Her sapphire mansions crown'd with opal tow'rs,  
 O'er which the Pow'r a flood of radiance show'rs.

Now a more daring task the Genius plann'd,  
 He seiz'd the rapid lightning in his hand,  
 And as around the broken rays he flung,  
 From the fall'n spires the gods of ASGARD sprung.

See the dread Ash exalt its lofty head,  
 And o'er a wide extent its umbrage shed ;  
 There twelve of ASGARD's gods in close divan  
 Sit in strict judgment on the deeds of man :  
 Amidst the waving boughs enthron'd on high  
 An eagle fends around his watchful eye.

Three virgin forms in snowy vefts array'd  
 Stand in the deep recesses of the shade,  
 The rich endowments of whose radiant mind  
 Are by the Pow'r to different acts consign'd.

He gives to thee, sage **UADA**, to restore  
 The splendid deeds of times that are no more,  
 And (faithful as the echo to the sound)  
 Repeat transactions that were once renown'd.  
 Clear to thy view, **VERNANDI**, are unfurld  
 The various scenes that fill th' extensive world.  
 To thee, O **SKULDA**, the dread pow'r is giv'n,  
 To read the counsels in the breast of heav'n,  
 With daring forecast pierce th' abyf of time,  
 And (utt'ring first some strange mysterious rhyme)  
 Proclaim which babe, when rear'd to warlike form,  
 Shall o'er his country roll destruction's storm;  
 And which, directed to a better fate,  
 Shall rise the pride and pillar of the state.

Next, at the awful Pow'r's commanding call  
 Arose to view great **ODIN**'s festive hall !  
 Engrav'd with sun-beams on the crystal gate  
 Appear'd—

—Here they reside in splendid state,  
 Who, as they slept in death, reclin'd their head  
 On valour's bier, the battle's rugged bed.  
 Who to the bliss th' intrepid claim aspir'd,  
 Who welcom'd pain, and with a smile expir'd.

Now

Now as the Genius waves his hallow'd hand  
 The Valkeries appear, a female band,  
 Prompt to the storm of lances to repair,  
 On viewless steeds to scour the fields of air,  
 Mark as they hover o'er the crowded plain  
 The chosen chiefs, the death-devoted train.

The Pow'r now form'd the coward's dwelling-place,  
 The seat of pain, and mansion of disgrace :  
 Deep under earth he fix'd the drear abode,  
 Thro' which the rueful stream of anguish flow'd ;  
 Loud roar the surges thro' the gulph profound,  
 While cavern'd echoes murmur back the sound,  
 Close at the gate sat Death's terrific maid,  
 Her meagre form in fable weeds array'd ;  
 A wreath of living snakes entwine her head,  
 And thus with shrilling voice the spectre said :  
 ' Haste to my caves, ye impotent of heart,  
 • Who meanly shrink from valour's daring part,  
 • Ye too, who ling'ring on with feeble breath,  
 • Crept thro' the languor of old age to death.'

See on the horrid battle's bleeding plain  
 The raven-brood rejoicing o'er the slain !

Yet

Yet then in vain they gorge the grateful food,  
 Death smites them at the dire report of blood ;  
 When lo ! their opinions to the wond'ring view  
 Combining, into one vast texture grew ;  
 The gory heads conjoin'd in one dread fold,  
 Around the frame a grisly margin roll'd :  
 Now self-upborn the fable banner flings  
 Bold to the wind its wide expanding wings ;  
 Exalt, the Genius cries, the plumes on high,  
 Wave thy dark signal to the warrior's eye ;  
 Th' intrepid Youth beneath thy magic shade  
 Thro' slaughter'd heaps to victory shall wade \*

Now from a rock on which the Genius stood,  
 He mark'd below a flowly-waving wood,  
 Then rais'd his awful voice —— ' Hail, hallow'd gloom,  
 (Where Thought is rear'd and Fancy decks her plume)  
 ' Who hold'st within thy vast sequester'd bow'r  
 ' A numerous train, that wait the rip'ning hour :  
 ' Resign thy charge, yield to demanding time,  
 ' The living fathers of the Runic rhyme.'  
 Swift at his word the ancient fire survey'd,  
 Tumultuous rushing from the solemn shade,

\* Tho' the Raven-banner, is not mentioned in the Edda, it is of great antiquity; it was supposed to be endued with some magical power, and to insure success.

Arm'd with the pow'rful harp, an ardent throng,  
The mighty founders of the northern song.

'Twas then the Pow'r resum'd—' Ye chosen band,

- At Nature's furnace take your faithful stand ;
- There forge the verse amidst the fiercest glow,
- And thence the thunderbolts of Genius throw ;
- Rouse, rouse the tyrant from his flatt'ring dream,
- Full at his vices wield the daring theme,
- Till o'er his cheek shall flash intruding shame,
- That blushing dawn of Virtue's rising flame.

Now on the bosom of the list'ning Youth

- Impress, engrave the sacred form of Truth ;
- Bid them, as varying life unfolds to view,
- Be still thro' all her scenes to honor true ;
- True to the man on Friendship's list enroll'd,
- Th' entrusted secret of his soul untold :
- Woe to that Chief, and blasted be his fame,
- Whose mean soul chills affection's holy flame ;
- Forgetting that he once, with zeal impress'd,
- Drank the pure drops that flow'd from friendship's  
breast.

- Now to the realm, ye hallow'd bards, impart  
• This truth, and touch with joy the human heart,

• In

' In man's too transient perishable frame  
 ' A glowing unabating fire proclaim,  
 ' Which as that frame lies mould'ring into clay,  
 ' Shall thro' th' encircling ruin burst its way :  
 ' Thus when a torrent of impetuous rain  
 ' Drowns the low nest that trusted to the plain ;  
 ' High soars the bird beyond Destruction's flow,  
 ' And owns no kindred with the wreck below.

' Now o'er some stately tomb's dim entrance bend,  
 ' And from the daring harp unerring send  
 ' (As from the sounding bow with vigour sped)  
 ' The darts of harmony that wake the dead.  
 ' —Be too of prophecy the dreadful lords,  
 ' And strike the solemn, deep, mysterious chords ;  
 ' Skill'd to reveal futurity's dark laws,  
 ' Inforce the song with many an awful pause.  
 ' In sounds that terrify the soul disclose  
 ' (Veiled in the womb of time) destructive woes :  
 ' Say whirlwinds shall provoke the roaring main,  
 ' Say stars shall drop like glitt'ring gems of rain :  
 ' Say Fenris, bursting from his time-worn chains,  
 ' Shall bear wild horror thro' the Runic plains ;  
 ' Doom'd while the course of havoc he shall run,  
 ' With jaws outstretch'd to rend the falling sun.

' Say

- ‘ Say the gigantic ship, — the floating world,
- ‘ Shall, on the iron rock of ruin hurl’d,
- ‘ Sink — like a dream that rushing from the mind,
- ‘ Leaves not a glimm’ring of its pomp behind.
- ‘ Ye bold Enthusiasts, join the warlike train,
- ‘ When true to fame they seek the hostile plain ;
- ‘ Bid the loud harp delight the valiant throng,
- ‘ And add the forceful eloquence of song.
- ‘ Thinn’d of his numbers, mark the struggling Chief
- ‘ Encircled close, and sever’d from relief :
- ‘ Now strike the cheering harp — ’tis heard no more,
- ‘ Lost in the conflict’s wild encreasing roar.
- ‘ Yet strike again, yet strike the note profound,
- ‘ I to the Chief will wast th’ inspiring sound ;
- ‘ Till thro’ the pressure of the battle’s storm,
- ‘ He o’er the slain a rugged path shall form.
- ‘ Thus on the main when frozen fragments fail,
- ‘ And with huge mounds oppose the giant whale ;
- ‘ The ocean’s lord, enrag’d at the delay,
- ‘ Thro’ stubborn crashing ice-rocks bursts his way.
  
- ‘ Now round some death-struck Chief in silence  
throng,
- ‘ While thus he breathes his own historic song : —

Tho' gash'd with wounds, unwounded is my fame,  
 In the war's field I chanc'd the flying game;  
 Wrapt in the jealous veil of ling'ring night,  
 Did we not chide the time's reluctant flight?  
 Did not our voices hail the morning ray,  
 Shouting the matins of th' important day?  
 When foreign streamers glitter'd to our view,  
 How swift our weapons from the scabbards flew!  
 'Twas joy to see the riven helmets fly,  
 'Twas joy to swell confusion's thund'ring cry,  
 'Twas joy to see (extending all around)  
 The hostile banners spread the lowly ground;  
 Methought the Danish field thus mantled o'er,  
 Heav'd conscious of the gorgeous robe it wore.

' Thu: as the Chief shall mitigate his pain \*,  
 ' With choral voice relieve the pausing strain :  
 ' Now, now again your soothing tones suspend,  
 ' And o'er the dying Chief attentive bend.

\* See the notes the Reverend Mr. JOHNSTONE has added to his translation of the death song of LODEBROC.

*Rush'd we not forth, at valour's daring call,*  
*To crush the forces of the Christian God?*  
*Rush'd we not forth in terrible array,*  
*To celebrate the mass of war a length'ning quire?*  
*Our glitt'ring swords, impatient of the fight,*  
*Were the dread relics that ador'd the rite.*  
*But agony returns—my fading breath*  
*Denies expression to the song of death.*  
*Farewell—ye battle-sisters hover nigh,*  
*Receive your prize—and waft my soul on high.*  
 • Now ere he sinks beneath the blow of fate,  
 • Reveal the honours of his future state;  
 • Where to his wond'ring vision shall expand,  
 • Adorn'd with heroes, a resplendent land.

• Ye glowing masters of the Scaldic song,  
 • Still other pow'rful gifts to you belong:  
 • The lofty pine that meets the mountain gale,  
 • Th' expanding oak that crowns the lowly vale,  
 • Shall as your fingers touch the furrow'd rind,  
 • Display the treasures of the musing mind:

• In the first rude ages rocks and trees supplied the materials for writing, and on them were inscribed the rudiments of that art: the trees thus marked were held in veneration, and were even believed to inclose some supernatural agent.

• There

' There by the voice of whisp'ring nature call'd,  
 ' In future times shall stand the youthful SCALD,  
 ' There shall he meditate the Runic store,  
 ' There woo the science of the tuneful lore ;  
 ' There view the tree with speechless wonder fraught  
 ' Whose womb mysterious bears the Poet's thought ;  
 ' There (from the busy world's incessant din)  
 ' Inhale the breathings of the Pow'r within.

' Enough—the pow'r I now bestow enjoy,  
 ' In Virtue's cause the forceful harp employ :  
 ' Go forth, ye glorious conquerors of the mind,  
 ' Achieve the hallow'd task to you assign'd :  
 ' Applaud the valiant, and the base controul,  
 ' Disturb, exalt, enchant the human soul.'

Thus to his minstrels spoke the awful Pow'r—  
 The conscious SCALDS avow th' inspiring hour ;  
 And now dividing into many a band,  
 Strew their wild poetry o'er all the land :  
 So while descending with resistless tide,  
 The snow-flood hurries down the mountain's side,  
 The sun, bright failing 'midst his ardent beams,  
 Melts the rude havoc into various streams ;

Which rushing thro' the naked vales below,  
Rouse vegetation as they roughly flow;  
Till a new scene o'erspends the teeming earth,  
And smiling Nature hails the summer's birth.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART,

PART

## PART THE FIRST.

## PART THE SECOND.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The temple of UPSAL was destroyed by INGO, 1075—  
a Christian cathedral was erected on its ruins four-score years after. At the introduction of Christianity, the interposition of angels and the appearance of ghosts grew familiar to the SCANDINAVIAN poetry, which was afterwards enriched by allegories, and by the accession of new images, which flowed to it through various channels, particularly from the East. *See RICHARDSON's Dissertation.*

When colleges were founded, and the general attention was directed to classical learning, the wild conceptions of the Scaldic minstrels gradually fell into disuse.—This short Analysis contains the subject of the following pages.

## THE

R I S E, &amp;c.

## PART THE SECOND.

THE gaudy dome to Pagan worship known,  
 By INGO's zealous hand at length o'erthrown ;  
 O'er the long-reaching ruins still rever'd,  
 The Gothic pile its form majestic rear'd.  
 The fretted columns of ambitious height,  
 And bulk enormous, fix th' astonish'd sight ;  
 And as they boldly rise on either hand,  
 Like kindred giants in dread phalanx stand :  
 While thro' the isles that stretch a length'ning way,  
 The umber'd windows shed terrific day.  
 Amidst the wonders of the new abode,  
 The bursting organ seem'd itself a god !  
 Diffusing its magnificence of sound,  
 And sending to the soul its note profound.

Th<sup>4</sup>

Th' admiring numbers next the altar view'd,  
 Crown'd with the image of the holy Rood,  
 Displaying the sublime awards of Heav'n,  
 A bleeding Deity—a world forgiv'n.—

The awe-struck Bards stood bound as with a spell,  
 While from their grasp the chill'd harp-lifeless fell:  
 The lowly valley, and the hill sublime,  
 Echoed no more the battle-breathing rhyme.

Thus an ~~eclipse~~ by terror's hand imbrown'd,  
 Wrapt in concealment the poetic ground;

But time at length the hovering veil withdraw'd,  
 When all the gorgeous splendour burst to view:  
 The Genius joy'd to set his ancient home aglow,  
 Enrich'd with many a long unknown before:  
 The clouds recede, while opning skies display  
 Th' angelic hierarchy in proud array:  
 Rank rising above rank in order due,  
 The splendid coniferous meets his view;

Now spirits of another form appear,  
 And from the yawning gorges their shadows rear!  
 Here glides a ghastly shade, intent to fly  
 A scene of terror round the mordern bed;  
 There 'midst the solemn silence of the night,  
 Beneath the half-veil'd moon's reluctant light,

The

The shade of buried DANMARK, stalks along,

Fraught with his woes, indignant of his wrong;

See, from yon infant's tomb, ascend to sight,

A little form attir'd in purest white;

She meets the mother bending o'er the tomb,

And wailing her low'd girl's untimely doom.

‘ Hail to thy grief !’ the gentle vision cries,

‘ Hail to those tears that trickle from thine eyes :

‘ Too feeling parent, mitigate thy pain,

‘ Nor waste thy life beneath this gloomy fane :

‘ Ah know, thy child with angels soars on high,

‘ In the bright mansions of the upper sky,

‘ And deck'd with wings that glitter to the ray,

‘ Plays on the sun-beams of eternal day :

‘ Pass a few years, to Heaven's dread will resign'd,

‘ And thou shalt leave all sorrow far behind :

‘ The bliss I now enjoy thou shalt obtain,

‘ And e'en MARIA shall be thine again.’

At length, o'er-spreading the poetic land,

Advanc'd the various allegoric band :

First on a flow'r-clad hill sublimely high,

Whose brow aspiring rush'd into the sky,

Hope

Hope with a cheering aspect took her stand,  
 A radiant pencil glitt'ring in her hand.  
 With this she colours the dark clouds that low'r,  
 And threaten man with rude misfortune's show'r.

Then Celibacy came, in cloisters bred,  
 A sluggish, shard-born form, with dust o'erspread :  
 Dead to the bliss that social life bestows,  
 Dead to the bliss that from affection flows,  
 Dead to the blandishments of female pow'r,  
 He schools the priesthood in his iron bow'r.

Then Grace—the Hebe of the Christian sky,  
 With smiling lip and comfort-beaming eye !  
 Th' angelic numbers from their thrones above  
 Stoop'd to behold this object of their love :  
 Thus the full host of stars in cloudless night  
 Gaze on the earth from their ethereal height.

His meagre form now Disappointment rears,  
 His cheek deep-channel'd with incessant tears,  
 Trailing, as still he treads the thorny plain,  
 Of blasted hopes the long immeasurable chain.

Now

Now Conscience enter'd on the trembling scene,  
 And to the bad disclos'd her with'ring mien :  
 But chiefly when the death-watch strikes the ear,  
 This dread recorder of the past draws near :  
 Ere sick'ning GERTRUDE fell to death a prey \* ;  
 ("Tradition still repeats the moral lay")  
 To goad the bosom of that impious dame,  
 To the pale suff'r'r's couch prompt conscience came,  
 Like a dire necromancer skill'd to raise  
 Th' accusing ghosts of her departed days !  
 Her lab'ring heart sent forth distraction's sigh,  
 As on the Priest she cast th' imploring eye :  
 Then to the cross (while tears her bosom lave)  
 The kiss of terror, not of love, she gave :  
 Now yielding to in' access of wild despair  
 She shrieks, and rends with savage grasp her hair :  
 Now to reflection's gentler pow'r consign'd,  
 Long plaintive tones denote her troubled mind :  
 At length, sad spectacle of wrath divine,  
 The high-born wretch expires *without a sign* †.

Ye

\* Queen of DENMARK, and mother to HAMLET.

† See HENRY the VIth. the death of CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

On the dire battle's late-enfanguin'd plain,  
 Morality stood musing o'er the slain.  
 Yet then the mourner rais'd her drooping head,  
 And thus with sacred energy she said:  
 ' Here—where the fatal scenes of slaughter end,  
 ' Where hostile nations in dread union blend,  
 ' Where sleep the great, the daring, and the proud,  
 ' Amidst this silent solitary crowd,  
 ' Bid the young monarch quench ambition's flame,  
 ' And 'gainst his passions daring war proclaim.'

Thus came th' instructive allegoric train,  
 To swell the triumph of the Scaldic reign:  
 The Genius now beheld a ghastly crowd,  
 Borne thro' the mid-air on the evening cloud:  
 The fable pageantry (when near) display'd  
 Th' unhallow'd form of many a horrid shade,  
 Envelop'd in a robe of darkest hue,  
 The half-existing phantom burst to view;  
 From out the robe a death's-head seem'd to rise,  
 Thro' which tremendous glar'd two fulgent eyes.  
 \* He too of dreadful fame, th' alarming spright,  
 The unnam'd lonely wand'rer of the night,

Whose  
 \* The whistler shrill, that who so hears doth dy.

SPENSER, CANTO 12. B. 2d.

The time has been my senses would have cool'd to hear a  
 night-friar. MACBETH, ACT V. SCENE 5.

Whose shriek proressing the repose around,  
Foreboded death to him who heard the sound,  
With wings outstretch'd the Gryphon next was seen,  
Half-eagle, lion-half, a form obscene :  
To these th' innumerable host adjoin'd  
Of shapes uncouth, the tyrants of the mind, and tyrants  
Matchless in force, and spleenetic of mood,  
The family of death, and terror's brood.

The moon now launching on th' expanse of night,  
Exulting sail'd amidst a flood of light ;  
Along whose beams (diminutive of size)  
A ship aerial glided thro' the skies :  
Which as it rode resplendent from afar,  
Assum'd th' appearance of a shooting-star !  
The playful Gossamer supplied the sail,  
Swell'd by the pressure of the panting gale :  
The deck was peopled by a sprightly band,  
The little progeny from fairy land !

The scene now chang'd—the mountain heav'd a  
groan,  
The bending forest breath'd a sullen moan :  
When lo three Lapland hags, self-pois'd on high,  
Of hideous aspect, struck the wond'ring eye !

Their

Their implements of art aloft they bear,  
 And (like the low'ring cloud that loads the air)  
 They spread the texture of the fatal loom,  
 While grim night blackens to a deeper gloom.  
 These forms were welcom'd, as they pass'd along,  
 By savage howlings of the wolf-dog throng,  
 Disastrous ravens to this group repair,  
 And bats, the fiends that haunt the darken'd air,  
 And owls the group pursue with heavy flight,  
 Prophets of woe, and harpies of the night;  
 And they who 'midst the storm exulting soar,  
 And they whose talons reek with infants' gore.

See from their height the haggard shapes descend,  
 And to the ocean's shore their footsteps bend;  
 Where cavern'd deep in conclave dim they dwell,  
 There utter the dread curse, there breathe the spell;  
 Hostile to man, their machinations frame,  
 And act the unhallow'd *deed without a name*.

Thus have we sketch'd, with faint imperfect  
 hand,  
 The forms that peopled the poetic land,  
 Aerial forms (by glowing fiction dress'd)  
 Who rais'd to joy, or aw'd the human breast.

At length, these visions fading on the sight,  
 † A new creation rose at once to light ;  
 As from a gulph the new creation sprung,  
 On which the classic beams their splendor flung ;  
 While on the land which late we wander'd o'er,  
 Where wild invention watch'd her growing store,  
 Where (thro' rich vales) with swelling surges bold,  
 The flood of poetry resolute roll'd !  
 O'er which the glist'ning rays of fancy play'd,  
 And near whose banks the human passions stray'd,  
 On this rude scene of wonder and delight,  
 In evil moment rush'd eternal night.

† The university of Copenhagen was founded by CHRISTIAN,  
 who died 1481.—MALLET's History of Denmark, vol. VI. p. 443.



ENTHUSIASM:

A POEM.

IN TWO PARTS.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

In endeavouring to display the good and bad effects occasioned by Enthusiasm, I might have drawn many signal instances from that inexhaustible mine, the Greek and Roman story; but it appeared to me more eligible to work upon materials hewn from the modern quarry only: the subject, thus treated, I conceived would come more home to the feelings of the reader. With regard to the execution, that rests entirely on the judgment of the Public, into whose presence I now enter, impressed with a mingled sensation of hope and apprehension.

## ENTHUSIASM.

## PART THE FIRST.

BEYOND th' exalted sun's meridian site,  
 Beyond the glimm'ring stars ethereal height,  
 A brighter realm immortal spring displays,  
 Mid the soft breathing of unclouded days:  
 Where sacred minds to virtue high allied,  
 Aerial beings, orient forms abide,  
 Seraphic people! ministers of grace,  
 Prompt to defend and cheer the human race;  
 The mighty mother earth who bears mankind,  
 Is to their care and guardian pow'r confign'd.  
 When clashing waves fwell high, and angry Fate  
 Tosses the lab'ring vessel of the state,  
 The chosen Angel of th' appointed realm  
 Hastes from his throne, and grasps the trembling helm:

R

To

To some the honour'd privilege is giv'n  
 To waft the clay-divested soul to heav'n,  
 Weed from the feeling heart the rising sigh,  
 And sweep with viewless hand the clouded eye;  
 Each in his turn descending from above,  
 Performs the generous ministry of love.

Behold superior to the sun-rob'd choir  
 A female form to regal pow'r aspire!  
 High on a throne, in brighter beams array'd,  
 Reigns in full pomp th' enthusiastic Maid !  
 Daughter of Energy, who boldly leads  
 The hallow'd few to great and splendid deeds:  
 Who urges man the steep ascent to climb,  
 And lifts the soul to virtue's height sublime.  
 Thus when of late to fam'd Iberia's coast \*  
 Sail'd o'er the wond'ring main th' unnumber'd host,  
 Swift from her seat th' impatient Goddess sprung,  
 And o'er the spot with anxious bosom hung,  
 Till shedding on her sons, to fame consign'd,  
 Some emanation of her dauntless mind,  
 She saw the valiant long-enduring band  
 (Whose fall confederated nations plann'd)

Achieve.

\* GIBRALTAR.

Achieve that deed which time shall still revere,  
That British miracle to glory dear !

Long had th' Enthusiast held her rank supreme,  
Belov'd, ador'd, of every voice the theme ;  
At length the blast of satire dimm'd the rays,  
Whose soft effulgence play'd around her praise :  
The throne encircling frequent murmurs flew,  
And busy charges trimm'd in motley hue :  
Yet then confiding in her god-like plan,  
Which warms, invigorates, and hallows man,  
She dares her foes, she dares the hostile train  
To shake the pillars of her stedfast reign :  
Urg'd by her innate energy to meet  
The gath'ring war, she quits her lofty seat,  
At Reason's bar presents her holy form,  
Provokes the thund'rers, and demands the storm.

A living crescent the bright pow'rs display,  
Rank above rank in terrible array :  
While trembling silence breathes upon the train,  
And expectation throbs in ev'ry vein,  
Amid this scene th' accusing Angel rose,  
On his stern brow bold indignation glows ;

Some troubling vision, with disaster fraught,  
 Employs, detains, alarms his wond'ring thought:  
 —“ What rising structure rushes on my sight,  
 Of bulk enormous, of aspiring height?  
 Th' Enthusiast, hast'ning thro' the regal porch,  
 Waves in the eye of day a raging torch:  
 See (impious spectacle!) she fires the pile,  
 And hails the sparkles with a greedy smile:  
 Wide and more wide th' imparted flame extends,  
 And now in dreadful victory ascends.  
 Not sumptuous palaces, not awful fanes,  
 Nor of old time the proud, august remains,  
 Not airy villas, nor majestic tow'rs,  
 High massive bulwarks, nor gay pleasure's bow'rs,  
 But to th' unhallowed blaze I see consign'd  
 The splendid temple of the poet's mind.  
 Ah! lov'd TYRTÆUS†, tow'ring son of fame,  
 Thy pages shrivel at th' infatiate flame:

The

\* The ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY, consisting of four hundred thousand manuscripts, was burnt in the sixth century by the order of OMAR, whose enthusiastic zeal for his religion forced from him this memorable saying: “ If the books contain only what is in the “ CORAN they are useless, and dangerous if they contain any thing “ else.”

† TYRTÆUS reanimated the dejected minds of the SPARTANS with the irresistible power of his poetry, accompanied by the harp.

'The glorious workings of thy pregnant heart,  
 The fallies from the inmost breast that start,  
 Eloquent threats that lawless pow'r controul,  
 Thy bursts of rage, and vehemence of soul.  
 Unrivall'd leader of th' ecstatic train,  
 Farewell (for ever lost) thy forceful strain :  
 Farewell (for ever lost) the Spartan song,  
 Which rouz'd to conquest the dejected throng :  
 Did not despondence, like a gath'ring shew'r,  
 Hang o'er thy countrymen in evil hour ?  
 Say, did she not her fenny pinions spread,  
 And on each bosom chilling fear-drops shed ?  
 Thou like the sun a cheerful radiance threw,  
 And from the soil the noxious vapour drew,  
 'Till the fall'n soul uprising from her death,  
 Inhales once more th' invigorating breath.  
 'Thy voice—'Tis honor's call on virtue's train :  
 'Thy voice—Yes, Sparta hears th' inspiring strain ;  
 To that vindictive with bold step she speeds,  
 And reaps the harvest of immortal deeds.

Unrivall'd leader of th' ecstatic choir,  
 Peace to the manes of thy war-bred lyre,  
 If peace can be while with licentious pow'r  
 The hungry fires thy last remains devour :

Methinks

Methinks thy lucid, unsubstantial frame,  
 Now hovers o'er the wide destructive flame,  
 I see thee toss thine airy arms on high,  
 I hear at times thy shrill, despairing cry :  
 So the fond mother-bird, alarm'd, distressed,  
 Indignant flutters round her peopled nest,  
 While (piteous sight !) a ruthless hand invades,  
 And bears away the music of the shades.

See to the dome (thro' many an age rever'd)  
 The star-illumin'd dome which science rear'd,  
 The fiery deluge rolls with threat'ning roar,  
 And sweeps away the long-collected store :  
 Alluring analogues address'd to youth,  
 Pure maxims moulded in the breast of truth,  
 Which from the holy lips of sages breath'd,  
 Rich moral legacies to man bequeath'd :  
 Celestial thoughts, which (like the fav'ring gales  
 Whose gentle pressure swells the gladsome sails)  
 Waft the dejected mind, with toil o'erspent,  
 To the gay-winding harbor of content.

Now History with a heart-felt sigh surveys  
 Her themes, her annals, midst the sounding blaze :

Fame

Fame smiles so more, but with an alter'd mien,  
 Stands trembling at destruction's growing scene :  
 And now methinks she views thro' fancy's eye,  
 Her burnish'd battlements that kiss'd the sky :  
 Her glitt'ring pinnacles, her golden tow'rs,  
 That vaunting dar'd old Time's devastating pow'rs :  
 Ascending obelisks that point to heav'n,  
 Triumphal arches to the conq'ror giv'n :  
 She views these honors of her gorgeous state  
 Dismantled, torn, and bending to their fate ;  
 Ah, now they yield, they fall with deaf'ning sound,  
 And in tumultuous havoc spread around !  
 At length, descending like a low-hung cloud,  
 Oblivion o'er the waste expands her shroud,  
 Beneath whose dark'ning canopy is cast  
 The fond remembrance of transactions past :  
 Of youthful warriors, who, by glory led,  
 Bold in the clam'rous van of danger bled,  
 Who, midst the storms of state and home-born wars,  
 Gleam'd thro' the thick'ning shade like morning stars,  
 Till flung untimely from their radiant height,  
 Down, down they hurried to eternal night :  
 Of patriots, who, to honor close allied,  
 In times disastrous stood their country's pride !

How

How these sublime state-columns, tempest-proof,  
 Upheld, midst bursting clouds, the sacred roof,  
 Firm to their cause, and obstinately great,  
 No voice of mortal ever shall relate:  
 Nor shall the voice of mortal e'er display,  
 Or annals usher to the eye of day,  
 The various orders of the female train  
 Diffus'd like flow'rets o'er the smiling plain,  
 Who, like those flow'rets in their beauty's glow,  
 Were harshly mangled by the scythe of woe.

Here then, to keen reflection's crowded eye,  
 As in a deep sepulchral mansion lie,  
 In iron slumber wrapt and dread repose,  
 A train of human virtues, human woes:  
 This moral loss the world must now sustain,  
 Swells o'er the boundary of domestic pain,  
 Calls down the gushes of the bleeding mind,  
 And claims th' expansive sorrow of mankind."

He ceas'd.—A Seraph, to his cause allied,  
 And firm to battle on th' accusing side,  
 Resum'd the theme! his arm exalted high,  
 A wild fire flashing from his pregnant eye—

" What

" What numerous fugitives arrest my view †,  
 Their cheek discolour'd with dejection's hue?  
 What ruthless pow'r the wanton act decreed?  
 What led the monarch to this desp'rate deed?  
 Behold—th' Enthusiast at the regal chair  
 Breathes her inflaming whispers on his ear:  
 Now, now she urges his reluctant hand  
 To ratify the terrible command :  
 O hapless, lost, exterminated race,  
 What can atone this unprovok'd disgrace?  
 Ye venerable men with silver hair,  
 Gall'd by the heavy yoke of thornful care,  
 With dauntless soul, enshrin'd in feeble forms,  
 Ye meet the thunders of the rushing storms,  
 Prompt a bold war for virtue's sake to wage  
 Against the comforts of reposing age :  
 Friends, honors, kindred, country ye disclaim,  
 The smiles of patronage, the wreaths of fame,  
 Firm to endure the persecuting rod,  
 And in th' abyss of grief to seek your God.  
 Ye too, ye fair, on virtue's list enroll'd,  
 Whom Nature fashion'd in her softer mould,

In

† Alluding to the revocation of the Edict of NANTES, in consequence of which the HUGONOTS quitted the kingdom.

In pale adversity's rude science vers'd,  
 Your feeling soul with sorrow's dart transpierc'd,  
 I see you slowly move a length'ning train,  
 Far from the bounds of your domestic plain:  
 Imagination renovates the hour  
 Ye fell the victims of relentless pow'r,  
 How still ye linger'd on your native strand,  
 Enclos'd by friendship's small but ardent band,  
 How as ye wept, careffing and carefis'd,  
 Your babes were ravish'd from your throbbing breast.

But now, intruding on my woud'ring fight,  
 My strong abhorrence other scenes excite.  
 Beneath the roof, where Death's chill banners spread,  
 An agonizing fair reclines her head :  
 Around the mournful couch of languor stand  
 (In hallow'd vestment) a monastic band !  
 Yet not to act affection's sacred part,  
 With lenient hand to draw the rankling dart,  
 'Thro' hope's gay perspective command to rise  
 A soothing prospect of the opening skies ;  
 Ah ! not for heav'nly charity's best end  
 The gloomy fathers o'er the suff'rer bend,

But

But from th' alarm'd reluctant mind to wret  
 The coy assentment to the hateful Test<sup>†</sup> +

At this the mourner lifts her drooping head—  
 • While here I languish on affliction's bed,  
 Say, is it thus ye minister relief,  
 And whisper comfort to the soul of grief?  
 Disgrac'd, accurs'd with hearts untaught to feel,  
 O iron progeny of barb'rous zeal!  
 When harraf'd nature with herself at strife;  
 The last gleam fading on the lamp of life,  
 When to the storm succeeds the welcome calm,  
 When angel hands reach out the victor's palm,  
 Must I that bliss, that heav'nly prize forego,  
 And whelm my spirit in immortal woe?  
 Yet then my infants, by pale Famine led,  
 Must ask from Pity's hand the scanty bread;  
 Methinks I see them now expos'd to scorn,  
 Their little bosoms pierc'd with sorrow's thorn:  
 O what an image to a mother's sight,  
 The view transports me into madd'ning fright;

I yield,

† This relates to a penal law which confiscated the estates of those who did not, at their deaths, renounce the reformed religion.—See SAURIN'S SERMONS vol. i. page 152.

I yield, I yield, unfold the fatal creed,

And Mercy from his thought efface the deed!

At these dread words, that clos'd th' eventful scene,  
 Religion blush'd and veil'd her awful mien :  
 Yet on the crime, from tyrant edicts born,  
 By nature from the dying mother torn,  
 Wrung from the bosom, by distraction riv'd,  
 Forgiveness dropt the holy tear of Heav'n.

Now to my view, by terrors undismay'd,  
 The glory of the priesthood stands display'd !  
 The virtuous Pastor <sup>†</sup> of the suff'ring race,  
 Proud of his wrongs and patient of disgrace:  
 Him the unhappy fugitives enclose,  
 While thus he speaks—‘ Ye partners of my woes,  
 O strenuous found in persecution's day,  
 Ye faithful, dear companions of my way,  
 I now behold you as the snow-wing'd dove,  
 Expell'd the ancient mansions of her love,  
 Whose plumes, while clouds o'er canopy her flight,  
 Assume the splendor of a purer white.

Here

<sup>†</sup> JAMES SAURIN, the celebrated preacher at the HAGUE, where he resided several years, and was at once the edification and comfort of his exiled brethren.

Here pause—and, while we view th' expanding main,  
 Salute the breeze that flies to freedom's plain ;  
 Across the waves ere yet our course we steer,  
 One duteous moment let us linger here,  
 And, tho' rejected, (still to nature true)  
 Sigh to our parent land the fond adieu :  
 Ah ! far from us remove that breast of steel,  
 Whose rooted principle is not to feel,  
 Which, like the sapless oak's time-moulder'd form,  
 Nor heeds the vernal air or wintry storm.  
 On man bestow'd, and to the brute denied,  
 The tear of nature sure is nature's pride.  
 Ev'n He, the general victim of mankind,  
 Who each disgrace, each torture predesign'd,  
 Ev'n He, when grief and agony drew near,  
 Felt on his cheek the self-compassion'd tear.  
 Does not dim obloquy attaint our birth ?  
 Are not our temples levell'd with the earth ?  
 Are not our kindred, friends in fetters bound,  
 Plung'd in the terrors of the cavern'd ground ?  
 And we, meek victims, as we pass'd along,  
 Endur'd we not the loud upbraiding throng,  
 While the loose soldiery added to these woes  
 With jeering insults and degrading blows ?

It seem'd as nature mark'd us for disgrace,  
 The outcast offals of the human race.  
 O thou †, by all these horrors unappall'd,  
 Whom with delight I royal master call'd,  
 Thou to remembrance now no longer dear,  
 Whom as the scourge of Heav'n I still revere,  
 Farewell! — Thou too, by partial fortune blest,  
 All Nature's off'rings breathing at thy breast,  
 Thrice happy FRANCE, farewell! — these eyes no more  
 Shall view thy charms that spread from shore to shore:  
 Thy harvests waving with a stately pride,  
 Thy vintage blushing on the mountain's side,  
 Original and self-exuberant soil,  
 Refusing nothing to the hand of toil,  
 And where the Arts, a bright harmonious band,  
 Refine, exalt, and decorate the land,  
 Where Mirth, the native of thy social bow'rs,  
 Sheds on each lip his fascinating pow'rs;  
 With thee may bliss still undiminish'd dwell,  
 Hail, O my country, and a last farewell!'

The Pastor ceas'd. — Then sorrow burst its bound,  
 With fervent lips some kiss'd their parent-ground,

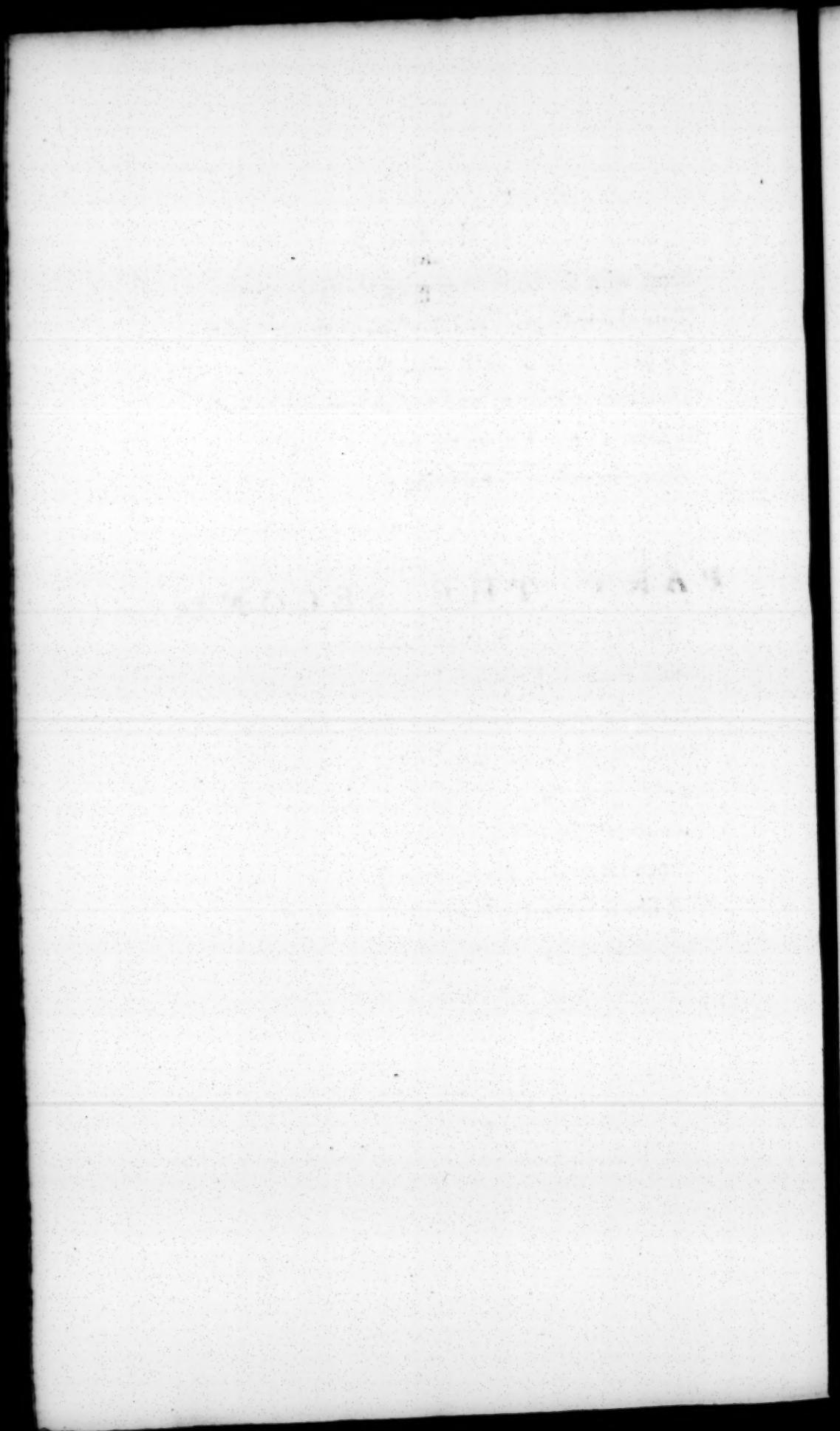
Some

† LEWIS XIV.

Some with the same tormenting thought imprest  
 Tore the wild grass and flow'rets from her breast,  
 To bear a relic of their natal plain  
 To scenes unknown, and realms beyond the main.  
 So firm, so pow'rful on the heart of man  
 (Above inconstancy's relenting plan)  
 Is fix'd, enthron'd by Nature's hallow'd hand,  
 The glowing passion of his native land.

These are the evils (woe succeeding woe)  
 Which from th' Enthusiast in long order flow :  
 Yet not for these does terror daunt her soul,  
 Mark that proud eye impatient of controul,  
 See riding on that brow imperial will,  
 And tyranny the minister of ill.  
 Let then resentment fierce, terrific, loud,  
 Burst like the thunder from the rifted cloud:  
 The course of her devastating steps I've run ;  
 My journey's o'er, the mournful tale is done."

END OF THE FIRST PART.



**P A R T   T H E   S E C O N D.**

диффузант за

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6

## PART THE SECOND.

NOW rose a Seraph, by affection led,  
 A wreathing glory hovers o'er his head,  
 His flowing accents spotless candour own'd,  
 And on his brow sat energy enthron'd :  
 He speaks—“ The vulture hast'ning to his prey,  
 With sounding pinions wins the distant way,  
 Regardless of the charms that Nature's hand  
 In gay profusion scatters o'er the land,  
 And, summon'd by the pestilential gale,  
 Speeds to the carcase fest'ring in the vale :  
 So these accusers in their rav'ning mood  
 Appear to emulate the gory brood,  
 Unmindful of the virtues that surround  
 The spot on which their censures most abound.

Now deeds long past like exhalations roll,  
 Now nearer move, now open on the soul :

I see the pale-ey'd citizens convene,  
 In Hist'ry's drama high-recorded scene \*!  
 The dread reslove from EDWARD's bosom sprung,  
 Wild consternation o'er the city flung :  
 With chilling, blood-recoiling thoughts imprest,  
 Entrancing terror deadens ev'ry breast.  
 At length from out the silent depth emerg'd  
 An ardent chief, by glory's impulse urg'd :  
 Th' Enthusiast wraps him in her wak'ning fires,  
 And thus he utters what her soul insp'res :  
 ' Ye firm associates in the highest cause,  
 On whom posterity will show'r applause,  
 Who, while calamity severely reign'd,  
 Well the long labours of the siege sustain'd !  
 Deign to accept what my affections give,  
 And bid your kindred, friends, and children live :  
 This, this will cheer me in the trying hour,  
 When I shall bend at the stern tyrant's pow'r,  
 And the doom'd victim (as his rage decreed)  
 On the pure altar of my country bleed :

Ah !

\* EDWARD III. was so exasperated at the long and gallant resistance he met with from the citizens of CALEIS, that he threatened to put all the inhabitants to the sword : he desisted from this atrocious design, on the condition that six persons should be sent to him for the purpose of immediate execution. He required that they should approach his presence bare-footed, cloathed in mourning, with ropes round their necks.

Ah ! should my strong forebodings tell me true,  
 Pass one swift moment, these glad eyes shall view  
 The destin'd number of the vi@tions rise,  
 To swell the rites of patriot sacrifice !—  
 These words prophetic were not ardor's rant,  
 Five kindred bosoms warm for glory pant.  
 These youths th' Enthusiast, sev'ring from the rest,  
 Informs, and breathes herself into their breast.  
 And now envelop'd in her active flame,  
 The daring chiefs the pond'rous honor claim.  
 See, thro' th' applausees of the grateful throng,  
 The self-devoted heroes move along.  
 To EUSTACE now advanc'd a beauteous maid,  
 In the rude garb of negligence array'd,  
 Her auburn tresses ruffling to the wind,  
 Her eye expressive of her tortur'd mind :  
 ‘ Say, desp'rate youth,’ the wild'ring fair exclaim'd,  
 ‘ What dire conception has thy bosom fram'd ?  
 O death-importing scenery ! fight abhorr'd !  
 Whence this attire, this ignominious cord ?  
 Impell'd by frenzy whither dost thou tend ?  
 Relent, relent, thine impious steps suspend !—  
 With a calm fortitude the chieftain said,  
 ‘ The path that climbs to honor's height I tread :

Theſe

These joyful loud acclams that rend the air  
 Wouldst thou convert to howlings of despair ?  
 Ev'n love commands—with eager step I go  
 To shield JOANNA from impending woe.  
 ' What peace,' she answers, ' can I thence derive ?  
 The lover murder'd, say can joy survive ?  
 While famine, sickness, terrors I endur'd,  
 Was this the future bliss that hope assur'd ?  
 To length'ning care, to sorrow still allied,  
 Behold JOANNA stands Misfortune's bride :  
 What time her flush'd expectancies drew near,  
 She meets her bridegroom on the hopeless bier.  
 Had Mercy, heav'n-descending Mercy stol'd  
 Her gentle radiance o'er the conq'ror's soul,  
 This day, escap'd from wide affliction's wreck,  
 This day might I, reclining on thy neck,  
 Have utter'd EDWARD's praise—that thought is flown,  
 And each fond project of my heart o'erthrown.  
 When from thy wound I drew the British dart,  
 And with these lips embalm'd th' envenom'd part,  
 Would that the poison like a subtle flame  
 Had scorch'd my entrails, and dissolv'd my frame !  
 She ceas'd—her eye emits a weaker glance,  
 While her dim reason fades into a trance :

The

The youth, as if indignant of delay,  
 Drops her pale hand, and turns abrupt away;  
 Then to the partners of his fate he cried,  
 ' Ye willing victims, to my soul allied,  
 Forgive, if passion's all-subduing pow'r  
 Dare to profane this high important hour;  
 Now, free of weakness, clear of love's control,  
 I lead the way that runs to virtue's goal.'

Arriv'd at EDWARD's tent, the dauntless youth  
 Resum'd—' Invested in this garb uncouth,  
 If, at thy bidding, thus we meet thine eye,  
 For grace (the coward's hope) we heave no sigh:  
 Since acts of slaughter are thy soul's best food,  
 O gorge thy rav'ning appetite of blood!—  
 Now with the glowing youths, of equal mind,  
 In one resolve, one hope, one peril join'd,  
 He stands, unaw'd by death, sublimely great,  
 True to his cause, rejoicing in his fate.'

But other scenes of high illustrious fame  
 Burst on my soul, impatient of their claim:  
 Behold! th' Enthusiast, freedom to regain,  
 Leads her stern Barons o'er the sacred plain;

'Tis

'Tis glory's chase ! how eagerly they sped  
O'er the fam'd, sunshin'd ground of Rumney-hill  
To the proud Monarch daring they complain'd  
' Say, hast thou not pollard Almon's face,  
And plunder'd thence, with sacrilegious theft,  
The brightest gem, our pride, our better wealth,  
Fair Freedom's heavenly form ? Of her bereft,  
Life is a burden, not an envied gift.  
The bending seer, with sorrow's weight opprest,  
Who beats in his despair his wither'd breast,  
Shall sooner from his tortur'd mind efface  
The wretch who plung'd his daughter in disgrace,  
Who in his sight compell'd her to his arms,  
And rudely ravish'd her untainted charms,  
Than we forgive thy violating pow'r,  
That wretched Freedom from her native bow'r ;  
Licentious monarch, thy approaching hand  
Profanes the ark, and defecrates the land !'  
They spoke--each battle-axe, now rear'd on high,  
(Catching the splendor of th' unclouded sky)  
Cast on th' illumin'd field a sudden light,  
Whose rapid flash o'erpower'd the monarch's sight  
Upbraiding thoughts his wav'ring mind assaid,  
And fear, the tyrant's curse, his aspect pal'd.

At length he seals, with mean, reluctant soul,  
 (To BRITAIN ever dear) th' immortal scribbles  
 Hail, welcome instance of submitting pow'ry  
 Hail, holy Freedom's sacramental hour,  
 In which that offspring of indulgent Heav'n  
 Was with dread pomp to ENGLAND's sons regiv'n.  
 Now thro' disclosing skies th' angelic train  
 Pour on th' enraptur'd ear the choral strain,  
 ' Be cheerful praise, be salutations paid,  
 ' And hymns symphonious, to the godlike Maid,  
 ' Whose energy resists the tyrant's plan:  
 ' Joy be to Saints, and liberty to Man! ——

From Time's dark gulph, revolving back to light,  
 What new-born image rushes on my sight?  
 The bold COLUMBUS dedicates his fail  
 To the wild breathing of a stranger gale:  
 Th' Enthusiast bids his dauntless soul explore  
 Realms unreveal'd, and seas unplough'd before:  
 The hour now ripening in the womb of time,  
 Th' inspir'd adventurer reach'd the point sublime,  
 The long-obscuring veil for him was furl'd,  
 And on his vision burst another world!  
 Ecstatic Wonder heard the proud event,  
 And o'er the ocean the glad tidings sent:

Then

Then Industry, as by electric stroke,  
 From her enduring sleep instinctive broke :  
 With brightest omens of her future reign,  
 This better VENUS rising from the main,  
 Saw from all harbours, rushing with the tide,  
 Unnumber'd vessels at her beck'ning glide :  
 Did it not seem as if the fever'd earth,  
 Like two fair sisters parted from their birth,  
 Acknowledging at length their kindred race,  
 Felt the warm transport of a first embrace ?

Now the same age a different scene presents,  
 And the bold vision labours with events :  
 Methinks I see, extending wide around,  
 A tow'ring wood with crowding leaves imbrown'd ;  
 Beneath whose vast display of deadly shade  
 Her listless length lethargic EUROPE laid :  
 There Superstition her deep plan design'd  
 Against the awful sanctuary of the mind :  
 There the wan sorceress, haggard fiend of hell,  
 Midst her dim orgies mutter'd the dread spell.  
 The sun abhors to pour his radiant flood  
 O'er the dumb horror of the flumb'ring wood ;  
 Yet thro' the gloom of sacerdotal night  
 One peerless star reveals a cheerful light.

Ah !

Ah ! why in mystic strains eclipse his name ? but not T  
 Demand, O Lucifer, shine unbounded fame ; at most  
 Advance, advance, thou elder son of Truth, and drive  
 Sublime, all-daring, restless, ardent youth ! but not T  
 I now behold th' enthusiastic Maid ~~hodded~~ its most w<sup>o</sup>rd  
 Rushing impetuous to her fav'rite's aid ~~hodded~~ its most w<sup>o</sup>rd  
 She reaches to his lips a cup of fire,  
 Whose living drops the leaping pulse inspire,  
 O'er each thrill'd artery entracing roll,  
 And sublimate the high aspiring-soul.  
 Revealing now his mission from the skies,  
 He utters to the torpid world—‘ Arise !’  
 The sullen forest, wrapt in tenfold night,  
 Swift thro' a thousand vistas drinks the light :  
 Th' imprison'd tenants burst the mental tomb,  
 While from their eyes recedes the massive gloom :  
 The flaky clouds admit an orient ray,  
 And laughing morn unlocks the gates of day.  
 Prompt Apprehension sends her view around,  
 While her bold thoughts o'erleap the former bound,  
 And Joy proclaims throughout th' applauding earth  
 The hallow'd festival of Reason's birth.

Now the couch'd mind reveals its spotless eye,  
 Weak to sustain the splendor of the sky,

Till

Till strength'ning at th' irradiating gleam,  
 It meets unblenching Truth's resplendent beam :  
 So when the keenly-glitt'ring darts of light  
 Pierce the loose film that dims the eaglet's sight,  
 First with an ignorant and coy survey  
 The dazzled bird admires the stranger day,  
 Then glancing on the sun with tow'ring gaze,  
 Kindles his vision at the noon-tide blaze.

Now Science hears a voice unknown before —  
 ' Haste, pilot, pilot quit the drowsy shore ;  
 The fav'ring winds thy destin'd hour proclaim,  
 Display thy sails, and launch into thy fame.'

Meek Toleration, heav'n-descending maid,  
 A vernal rainbow glitt'ring o'er her head,  
 Smooths the rough path destructive feet have trac'd,  
 Adorns and peoples Persecution's waste :  
 She, like the FLORA of the Pagan reign,  
 Sprinkles with roses the enamell'd plain,  
 Bids ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry clime arise,  
 And freely breathe its incense to the skies.

See Superstition, madd'ning at th' alarm,  
 Extend in thunder cloath'd her threat'ning arm,

But

But with'ring at the heart she rues the hour  
 That harshly fevers her diminish'd pow'r :  
 Thus as the serpent, sleeping on the plain,  
 Feels the rude pressure of the loaded wain,  
 With apt revenge, and indignation stung,  
 She rears her crest, and darts her fiery tongue,  
 But impotent of rage, her trailing wound  
 She languishingly sweeps along the ground."

Here clos'd the Seraph his illustrious theme,  
 Which on his audience flash'd conviction's beam.  
 —And now th' Enthusiast, with her hand high-rear'd,  
 Express'd a look demanding to be heard :  
 The circling Hierarchy, with one acclaim,  
 Urge her to vindicate her injur'd fame ;  
 She, to their judgment fearlessly consign'd,  
 Thus pour'd th' effusion of her glowing mind :—

“ Bold on a tow'ring rock, with soul elate,  
 I saw BRITANNIA sit in regal state,  
 Around the globe she threw her vast survey,  
 And mark'd the realms devoted to her sway :  
 Her western clime, her oriental reign,  
 Her glory's theatre th' unbounded main :

I thus

I thus address'd her.—“ Hail, immortal dame, 10  
 Who high-exal'd crowd'st the seat of fame; and  
 Suspend the thoughts of thine imperial state; but  
 And listen to th' event that beaves with fate was  
 A prop'st'rous mother (so did Heav'n ordain)! blow'd  
 Bleß'd and ennobled by a numerous train, as  
 Beheld (a stranger to affection's tie) and known  
 Her youngest born with a disclaiming eye, as  
 And, breaking loose from ev'ry moral band, as  
 Stretch'd o'er th' innocuous babe an iron hand, consider'd  
 And hard'ning in her wrath, the helpless child play'd  
 Was from her presence and her thought exil'd: as  
 This little outcast lately I survey'd, and  
 As mid the flow'rets of the wild he play'd as  
 Artless and gay, himself the wilder flow'r, as  
 Bare to the with'ring heat and quenching show'r.

Britannia quick return'd with loud acclaim,  
 • O piteous infant, O inhuman dame! and  
 Where, where does she abide, that I may dart and  
 The shaft of death into her wolfish heart? you  
 ’Twas then I added with indignant air—  
 • Dismiss thy threats, thy warm resentment spare,  
 Or

Or droop thyself beneath a flood of shame,  
 Thine, thine the child, and thou th' inhuman dame.  
 I said—and throwing back my flowing vest,  
 Disclos'd the infant clinging at my breast  
 ' Behold,' I cried, this flow'ret of the wild,  
 This orphan nurfling, this rejected child,  
 Mark how around his brow of virtue's mold,  
 The signs of greatness dare ev'n now unfold ;  
 How on the vigorous eye the morning ray  
 Preludes the splendor of meridian day :  
 Marvellous infant, doom'd to act my plan,  
**AMERICANUS**, hasten into man !  
 O doom'd to act what Heaven's dread thought devis'd,  
 Thou at the fons of Energy baptis'd,  
 Whose rigid waves thy conscious soul encreas'd,  
 Myself at once the sponsor and the priest——”

‘ Enough,’ th’ abruptly-rising Quire exclaim,  
 ‘ Aspire, Enthusiast, to thy wonted fame ;  
 Thy virtues, claims, and eminence we own,  
 Resume thy dignities, ascend thy throne :  
 Still to frail man thy daring strength impart,  
 Still flame th’ incentive seraph of his heart ;

And

And when the scenes of earth shall fade away,  
 And man shall need no more thy active ray,  
 Then, sacred object of our praiseful theme,  
 Bright emanation of th' eternal beam,  
 Thou shalt regain thy native, dread abode,  
 And glow for ever in the breast of God.

TO THE

# THE ENGLISH CLASSICS

M E M O R Y  
OF THE LATE  
LADY JERNINGHAM.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

We have been favoured, by the AUTHOR, with the following elegant Tribute to the Memory of the late Lady JERNINGHAM. A few Copies of it, only, have been printed, at the Solicitation of several of her Friends,

TO THE  
M E M O R Y  
OF THE LATE  
LADY JERNINGHAM.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM, AT COSSEY  
HALL, NORFOLK.

THOU, to whose sacred page the parting guest  
Confides the workings of his grateful breast,  
With awful pleasure o'er thy form I bend  
My gift to bring—as brother, guest, and friend.  
Farewell, ye shades! (ah! not to fame unknown)  
Where Elegance has rear'd her Attic throne:  
Whose beauties, to the pure of taste address'd,  
In Nature's charms munificently dress'd;

Whose soft amenity, with grace combin'd,  
 Display the emblem of the master's mind :  
 Farewell !—Say, shall I not regret the bow'r  
 Where social intercourse endear'd the hour :  
 Where she, whose footsteps bless this sylvan seat,  
 The pride and mistress of this calm retreat,  
 Her soul illum'd with Wisdom's piercing beam,  
 Sheds o'er the converse her enlight'ning gleam ?  
 By native Taste, that sure directress, led,  
 She stores her talents at the fountain-head :  
 So the bright sun-flow'r, on the cultur'd plain,  
 Aspires impatient o'er her sister train,  
 Unfolds her bosom at the dawn of day  
 To catch the radiance of the solar ray.

Ye scenes o'er which I cast a ling'ring view,  
 O'er which affection breathes a warm adieu,  
 That hour I now recall with pleasing pain,  
 Which gave your beauties to my wish again :  
 Yet then, as I approach'd your smiling shore,  
 Prompt expectation gladly flew before :  
 Wing'd with gay hope, as nearer still I drew,  
 Hills, plains and woods assum'd a brighter hue :  
 Soft-wreath'd in lilac vestment, laughing May  
 With hailing aspect met me on the way :

The

The various vale with eager steps I press'd,  
 Praise on my tongue, and transport in my breast :  
 O'er each lov'd spot I sent a fond survey,  
 Where in the morn of life I wou'd to stray ;  
 The winding walks by memory endear'd,  
 Where with the growing plants my youth was rear'd,  
 Embow'ring shades, in whose deep gloom immers'd,  
 Reflection fed me, and the Muses nurs'd,  
 And, screening from my view ambition's sky,  
 Pour'd other visions on my raptur'd eye.

Yet, Album, ere the willing task I leave,  
 Warm from the heart these closing lines receive.  
 'Twas at the hour to contemplation due,  
 When evening meekly from the world withdrew,  
 Beneath an aged oak, in pensive mood,  
 I Sorrow's solitary captive stood ;  
 When, from the rifted trunk's obscure recess,  
 A voice breath'd forth in accents of distress ;  
 " Where ! where is she ! of mild and rev'rend mien,  
 " Once the lov'd mistress of this sylvan scene ?" —  
 " Fall'n—fall'n—fall'n—fall'n" —a distant voice replied ;  
 The branches shook, as if to sense allied :  
 Wild Terror flung his strong enchantment round,  
 And evening hurried into night profound !

Now

Now fond remembrance turns a willing sight,  
 To dwell on gayer scenes of past delight,  
 Pleas'd to behold her, midst the polish'd train,  
 With grace, with dignity, her part sustain.  
 To mild festivity by nature prone,  
 With inbred wit peculiarly her own,  
 Prompt ev'ry sportive incident to seize,  
 Diffusing pleasure with a careless ease ;  
 Of pow'r to charm invincibly posses'd,  
 Unfelt she glided into every breast.  
 There are, who, fram'd with an enlighten'd taste,  
 High on the critic form by judgment plac'd,  
 Who (marking well her sense with strength combin'd,  
 The scintillations of her playful mind,  
 An aptitude that never lost its aim)  
 With brilliant Sevigné inwreathe her name.

To discontent, the vice of age, unknown,  
 Her chearfulness maintain'd its envied throne :  
 The gay, the old, the learned, and the young,  
 And they whose heart pure elegance had strung,  
 By the soft pow'r of her enchantment won,  
 Would oft the glare of throng'd assemblies shun,  
 To court her ready wit's enliv'ning beam,  
 And bask beneath its undulating gleam.

Yet

Yet oft from these unnoticed would she steal,  
 To soothe the bed-rid stretch'd on Torture's wheel,  
 To smooth the furrow on Misfortune's brow,  
 To warm the timid and exalt the low,  
 With lenient hand administer relief,  
 And close the bleeding artery of grief.

Ah, ever dear ! ah, venerable shade !  
 Indulge this honour by Affection paid.  
 Enthron'd in bliss, ah ! yet forbear to shun  
 This holy tribute from a zealous son.  
 'Twas mine, attendant on thy evening ray,  
 To watch the sun-set of thy blameless day ;  
 To see thee, weary of th' unequal strife,  
 Shed the faint glimm'rings of exhausted life,  
 And (heavenly moralist, sublimely great !)  
 At the dread opening of thy future state,  
 Teach by example, to thy latest breath,  
 Meekness in pain, and fortitude in death.

